HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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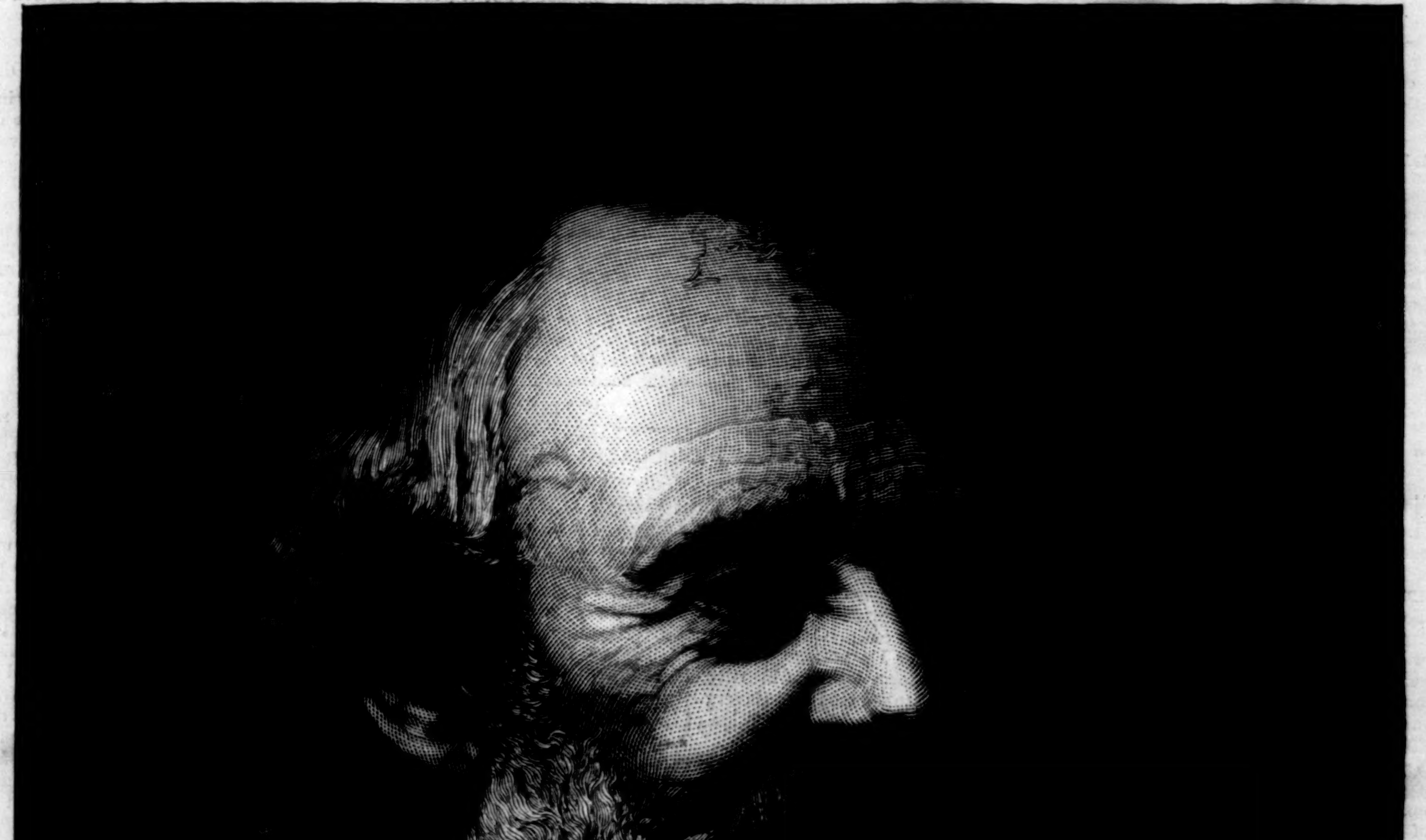

Yrs sincerely
Charles Reade

[See Page 247.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 19, 1884.

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THE PRELIMINARY CANVASS.

THE assertion that Mr. Edmunds has "pooled his issues" with the President, and that the Edmunds movement is subordinate to that for the nomination of the President, is exceedingly amusing. If Mr. Edmunds has ever "pooled issues," or taken any part in the kind of political performance which that phrase expresses, it is something which has been carefully concealed. It is because he is especially the representative of simple and upright methods in politics that he is the candidate whom the foes of the old machine methods prefer. As to the subordination of the Edmunds movement to that for the nomination of Mr. Arthur, it is enough to look at the Republican papers and voters who most warmly press it. That many Republicans who greatly desire the nomination of Mr. Edmunds would prefer Mr. Arthur to Mr. Blaine as a candidate is a fact to which it is unnecessary to be blind; but the reason is not that Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Arthur represent the same school of politics. The reasons, indeed, are of a very different but conclusive kind. There is no greater misapprehension than the supposition that the real contest for the nomination lies between Mr. Arthur and Mr. Blaine, and that those who do not desire the former ought to support the latter. This, however, is the view of some honorable and intelligent Republicans who do not favor the selection of either, but who think it necessary to support Mr. Blaine in order to oppose the old system, of which they hold the President to be the representative.

But see what this assertion implies. If the alternative be Arthur or Blaine, then the result of the Convention must be a purely factional victory, and a consequent indifference and alienation of feeling which of themselves would make it impossible to carry New York. If the situation has indeed reached such an alternative, Republican success would be alarmingly threatened, unless the alternative be avoided by the selection of another candidate. But in any case the friends of Mr. Blaine must not hug the delusion that in that alternative the friends of Mr. Edmunds would make common cause with them. Those Republicans who have most severely censured Mr. Arthur's course in the past see that the chief representatives of his old course have broken with him, and that his administration has upon the whole been acceptable. They do not see that Mr. Blaine's political methods have been essentially different from those of Mr. Arthur, and they observe that if there are unpleasantly familiar and not politically reputable followers and supporters in Mr. Arthur's train, they are not wanting in that of Mr. Blaine. They see, moreover, that the President has honestly enforced the reform bill, although, indeed, without showing himself to be, in the strict sense, a reformer; but they have not seen that Mr. Blaine has shown any sympathy whatever with the reform movement. They have seen prudence and moderation in the foreign policy of the administration; but they would anticipate something very different from an administration of Mr. Blaine. The circumstances of the President's accession have undoubtedly alienated very many Republicans who regard a vote for Mr. Blaine as a vote to honor Garfield. This is a very powerful consideration in the preliminary canvass for the nomination, and it is one of the practical reasons that the nomination of the President would be exceedingly unwise, because many Republicans devoted to the memory of Garfield, and who do not forget the bitter circumstances of his assassination, could not bring themselves to vote for Mr. Arthur.

But there are equally practical considerations, of a wholly different kind, that would reduce the Republican vote for Mr. Blaine. And it is precisely such considerations as these, pointing to a division and an alienation of the Republican vote, which make the nomination of either gentleman very injudicious for the party. If the purpose of the Convention were to test the comparative strength of the two wings of the party, nothing could be wiser than to select from among the proposed candidates the two who especially represent the contention which has long divided Republicans. It might indeed defeat the party at the polls, but it would proximately show which wing was the stronger, and that might perhaps afford some satisfaction to somebody. But this is idle. There are but two cardinal questions to be considered by those who wish to maintain Republican control of the government. The first is, who, upon the whole, most satisfactorily stands for the character and principles and methods that the Republican party ought to represent in an appeal to the people? and the second is, who, among possible or probable candidates, would command the most votes? The question whether a majority ought to yield its preference to a minority is not to be considered. There is no doubt of the convenience of the majority principle wherever it applies. But it is evident that it would be very possible for a majority in a Convention to nominate a candidate who could not possibly be elected, and it is that very obvious fact which every delegate who sincerely desires the success of the party will bear in mind.

THE BROOKLYN DEMOCRATIC DINNER.

THE Young Men's Democratic Club in Brooklyn have followed the excellent example of the Young Republicans, and have had a dinner, at which speeches were made to set forth the Democratic claim to be the reform party. Mr. Shepard, the president, in his address, claimed credit for his party for civil service reform, and averred that the addition of tariff reform was essential to secure success. His allusion to Senator Pendleton, whose name is associated with the reform bill, was heartily cheered. Senator Bayard thanked God that slavery is gone forever, and argued that a strict construction of the Constitution is essential to the sure defense of liberty. Yet it is indisputable that strict construction of the Constitution was the favorite political dogma of slavery, and that strict construction of the Constitution was the chief weapon of hostility to the war. It was also a favorite theory of Mr. Jefferson, who did not hesitate to take Louisiana without constitutional warrant; but in its technical sense strict construction has never been the doctrine of the greatest constitutional authorities—Marshall, Webster, Kent, and Story. The general spirit of Mr. Bayard's speech, however, as reported, was excellent, although, historically, we do not think that the Democratic party will figure either as the wisest friend or the most effective champion of the Constitution and the Union.

Mr. Pendleton's speech was to the toast, "Reform of the civil service, a truly Democratic measure." His address was sound, and he said that the question of administrative reform, in its large sense, was perhaps even greater than that of revenue reform. By administrative reform, however, Mr. Pendleton did not mean turning out Republicans to turn in Democrats, but a conduct of the details of administration upon principles that would prevent such wholesale turnings in and out. Yet there was something pathetic in his speech, because the orator himself ceases to be a Senator because reform of the civil service is not "a truly Democratic measure." Of all Democrats he was peculiarly the representative of the reform, and he was emphatically set aside for a determined opponent of reform. The dinner was given especially in honor of Mr. Morrison, the leader of the Democratic House. But the Democratic Committee on Appropriations is reported to have omitted the grant for the practical prosecution of the reform. The bulk of the votes adverse to reform in the New York Legislature are Democratic. In the Massachusetts Legislature it is the same. The bills for repeal of the law proceed from Democrats. These are all strange commentaries upon the toast, "Reform in the civil service, a truly Democratic measure."

We gladly record, however, the expression of such wise and patriotic sentiments at a Democratic dinner, and from the lips of distinguished Democrats, and we regret sincerely anything which tends to make the reform a distinctively party measure. But one reflection upon this dinner is obvious. The speeches at the late Republican feast in Brooklyn laid down the principle of reform, and declared that any evidence of serious departure from its earnest prosecution which should be made by the Republican nomination or platform would seriously imperil the success of the Republican party, and such remarks were enthusiastically cheered by those who have proved their ability not to sustain improper nominations. This was the general tone of the Republican dinner, but this appeared at the Democratic dinner only in the speech of Mr. Blackburn, who urged that the support of the Morrison bill should be the test of Democratic orthodoxy. This suggestion was received with great applause. It was a bold proposition, because it involves a rupture of the party. Mr. Randall and his friends will certainly not support the Morrison bill. The Democratic National Convention will certainly not lay down a free-trade platform. Will the gentlemen who cheered Mr. Blackburn at the dinner conclude that they can not associate politically with Mr. Randall and his friends any longer, nor support the Democratic nominations? Or will they decide that Democratic ascendency upon any terms is so important that they can not risk it? Do the Democratic reformers prefer reform to the success of their party upon a non-committal platform?

A REPUBLICAN ATTACK UPON REFORM.

THE Republicans in the Senate of New York, in endeavoring to cripple civil service reform, have done more than anything which the Democrats have yet accomplished to defeat the Republican Presidential candidate, whoever he may be, in the State of New York. They have shown themselves to be very stupid politicians, for nobody supposes that the amendments to the bill were proposed in the interest of the public service. They were simply bids for the favor of the soldier vote and of the sailors. But by no chance can the bid affect either of those votes appreciably, while it instantly repels a most powerful vote which is indispensable to Republican success. This is why we call such a performance stupid politics. The Republican Senators who supported the attack upon the bill have little knowledge of the fact that the result of the Presidential campaign in this State depends upon a vote which is very closely watching Republican action upon this subject, and whose support will be very largely determined by that action.

Nothing, therefore, has been gained, but the most serious result has been risked, by this action, unless the Senators are of opinion that the Republican party can afford to dispense with the support of the friends of reform. The bill which their votes tend to cripple was passed by a Democratic Legislature. It was most heartily approved and it has been most honorably enforced by a Democratic Governor and by a Democratic Commission. Mr. Lansing and his friends have done all that they can to justify the toast at the Brooklyn Democratic dinner, "Civil service reform, a truly Democratic measure." In every point of view the Republican attack upon the bill is a huge blunder, and it has made Republican success very much more difficult.

The insulting imputation upon the soldiers and sailors that they are incapable of satisfying the moderate and most reasonable tests of proper fitness for the service, or that they would not gladly favor any scheme which promised to overthrow the control of the civil service by a few party bosses, was fully exposed in the debate. The Commission would have gladly conformed the State law to the provisions of the national law to give the preference to soldiers and sailors who were proved to be fit for the places sought. But to propose to dispense with the entire law in their favor was to attempt to destroy the law. This untimely attack upon the reform of the civil service will have the good effect of fixing public attention upon the urgent necessity of the reform, because the attack was made, not in any way whatever to improve the service or to correct its abuses, but solely to maintain personal and party power by an appeal to selfish interest. This is the very essence of the spoils system, and as the question is as vital as any now before the country, the Republican Senate has dealt a heavy blow at existing party organizations.

STOP THIEF!

IF the good work of investigating the city departments continues with the same vigor that it has begun, the huge system of corruption, waste, and imposture known as the city government will be exposed to public knowledge. A better work has not been done for public decency and political reform for many a day than that which Mr. Roosevelt and his friends have been steadily and strenuously pushing in the Legislature, and with which Governor Cleveland has so cordially co-operated. The outrageous condition of the city offices has been long known, but the facts in detail have not been presented. In Tweed's time the swindling and robbery were understood, but not the manner and the amounts, until the revelations in the *Times* were published. That the Ludlow Street Jail was a public disgrace was believed, but only now do we have the figures and the facts. That in the Clerk's, Register's, and Sheriff's offices there were plundering extortions was no secret, but there was only a grimace of disgust and impotence when the tale was told.

The committee of investigation have not been content with shrugging their shoulders, but they have discovered and made known the fact that the present County Clerk and his predecessor have appropriated to themselves fifty thousand dollars in fees to which they had "no right or title whatever," and that the Sheriff had received in one year eighty-five thousand dollars, including a large sum for which there was no legal authority; and he has been duly indicted. The Register confessed that he had paid twenty thousand dollars as a Tammany candidate, which he expected to be repaid by the emoluments of his office; and in the Surrogate's office, of which the complaint among lawyers has been great, the committee say that they found that ten thousand dollars had been taken by subordinates in 1883, and the committee believe that the actual extortion was very much larger.

These are some of the illustrative facts which the investigating committee have ascertained, and it would be a very interesting computation, when all the figures are known, that of the proportion of the money squeezed out of the people of New York in the form of taxes and fees which is simple robbery. The energy which the committee have shown, and the success which has already rewarded their labor, is a significant commentary upon the feeling of helplessness with which, as a dozen years ago, in Tweed's time, this system of fraud is regarded by intelligent people. The general comment is that it is a shameful parody upon popular government—a shame which may easily become a danger, as when a tool of the Tweed Ring was actually Mayor of New York—but that "nothing can be done about it." Mr. Roosevelt and his friends have shown that a great deal can be done about it—that the details of the frauds can be made public, that the citizens may be aroused to active support of measures of reform, that offenders may be brought to trial, and that laws correcting the abuses may be introduced and passed by the Legislature.

CHARLES READE.

To thousands of American households the brief dispatch flashed across the Atlantic on Friday of last week, "Charles Reade died this afternoon," brought genuine grief and a deep sense of personal loss. For he was not merely popular in the ordinary sense of the word, not merely admired as a great master in a noble art, but it was impossible to separate his personality from his work, and in every reader he made a friend. Had he ever visited this country his reception would have cast into the shade that of any other foreign author, not excepting Charles Dickens. He was often entreated to come over to a land where he was known to a larger audience than in his own, but he had a horror of the sea, and in his later years was apprehensive of the effects of American hospitality upon his constitution. "I should like to visit your country," he once said to the writer; "but the very warmth with which I am often pressed to go makes me afraid to venture. At my age I could not stand the round of hospitality which my friends say would be in store for me." This was in 1876, when Mr. Reade was sixty-two years old, and apparently in the perfection of health and vigor. The discomforts of the ocean voyage had probably more weight with him than any other consideration.

The life of Charles Reade was simple and uneventful. He was born in 1814. His father, John Reade, in his day one of the most popular of Oxfordshire squires, had imbibed a strong prejudice against public schools and academical education, and of his seven sons only two were permitted to follow intellectual pursuits. Three out of five of his elder brothers who had been dispatched to India having died—one, a cavalry officer, in action, and two from the effects of the climate—the mother interfered to save her favorite son Charles from Juggernaut. After picking up what scholarship could be obtained through private tutors, he was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, and graduated in 1835. Immediately after his graduation he obtained his fellowship, which he retained through life. He also took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843. On one occasion, when he was at loggerheads with Mr. Bentley the elder, Mr. Reade actually donned a barrister's wig and triumphantly pleaded his own cause before the House of Lords.

It may be said that his early years were passed in self-education. By hard study, travel, and close observation he fitted himself for his chosen profession of authorship. His first literary ventures were stories, published anonymously in magazines and newspapers. He was an indefatigable student, a model of patient, systematic labor. In everything that he wrote a wealth of material and a bold mastery of his subject attested his industry and the strength of his intellect. The first work, however, that awakened wide interest in the young author was his *Peg Woffington*, an interest deepened by his *Christie Johnstone*, and aroused to rapturous enthusiasm by *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, a story which at once placed him in the front rank of modern novelists.

The versatility of his mind led him into other channels of literature. In association with Tom Taylor he wrote several dramas that took the town by storm. Successful as he proved himself, says the author of a recent review of his career, "both as regards style, plot, dialogue, and incident, in the domain of dramatic narrative—an assertion easily verifiable by reference not only to the works above named, but equally to his artistic masterpieces, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, *White Lies*, *Griffith Gaunt*, and *The Woman-Hater*—his passion has been the stage." One of his latest dramas, an adaptation of Zola's *Assommoir*, played under the title of *Drink*, proved a remarkable success. "It will be for posterity to decide," says the writer just quoted, "whether he shines with rarer effulgence as a novelist, as a playwright, or as an essayist."

In most of his later novels Charles Reade struck at some great public evil, and with the greater effect because he never forgot the novelist in the censor. The reader's intense interest in the story of *Hard Cash* is not for a moment distracted by the fact that it was written to expose the horrible abuses in lunatic asylums; but the force of the exposure was none the less powerful on public sentiment; and no statesman or political economist ever made a stronger argument against the tyranny of trades-unionism than is to be found in *Put Yourself in His Place*.

The fierce delight which Charles Reade often displayed in controversy, especially when important issues were involved—and it must be confessed that almost every subject in which he was interested appeared to assume paramount importance in his view—led strangers to imagine him to be rather testy, ungracious, and disagreeable; but one had only to see him in society or in his charming home to be at once disabused of that notion. A more genial, kind-hearted gentleman never lived. In conversation he was apt to be retiring and reticent, his voice was pleasant and rather low in tone, and his manner most engaging and agreeable. It was only when he took pen in hand that his controversial temper appeared to get the better of him, and to lead him into those excesses of passion and language which made him dreaded by his opponents. That he was intolerant of opposition, often arrogant, that he was often restive under literary criticism, are faults that may readily be forgiven in a man like him. There was not a trace of Carlyle's cynicism in his nature. His mind was broad, generous, and liberal, and in all his work he had some great and useful purpose in view.

All through life Charles Reade was a diligent student and worker. He prepared himself with the utmost care for everything he undertook. The library of his pleasant London home contained a large number of scrap-books in which were preserved clippings from newspapers, magazines, and books, all classified and indexed—storehouses of material from which he drew incidents and illustrations to enrich his pages. Nor did he, with all the wealth and originality of his own imagination, disdain to make use of material which lay ready to his hand in the form of story or plot; but, like other great men who have done the same, he made it his own by the force and brilliancy of his genius. He took the dry dust and breathed into it the breath of a new life. His short stories are excellent illustrations of this power. There is strength in every line; no waste of words in them, no padding; while at the same time there is a satisfying fullness and breadth.

In person Charles Reade was tall and erect, with a commanding presence, a full, expressive brown eye, and a noble brow. He was a most excellent and entertaining conversationalist—not a "talker" in the offensive sense of the word, for he was a good listener when one had anything to say worth hearing—and he shone especially in the society of clever women.

To almost the last moment of his life he kept steadily at work. In his last illness, of several months' duration, he wrote the serial story "A Perilous Secret," to be printed in London under the title of "Love and Money," now appearing in Harper's Bazar, and had begun a series of "Bible Characters," which he was very anxious to complete. The last letter received from him by his American publishers was written with reference to this series, when he was in great pain and weakness. It is most cordial in tone, and strangely hopeful for a man in his condition. "If I live," he writes, "I will, D.V., write one or two of the greater characters, since it is about these I am most likely to take an independent ground, to which ground, believing as I do that truth must ultimately prevail, I shall stand firm." The letter is dated March 21, the signature is less bold and firm than usual, and he adds, in a postscript, "Too ill to write much with my own hand." Yet he evidently hoped for several years more of work—he never looked forward to leisure or idleness; but his life was full and well rounded. If he retained his college fellowship for another purpose than that for which it was founded, who can deny that he employed it to a nobler and more useful end than if he had pursued the life of a scholarly recluse? The world is better for his having lived, and will cherish his memory with love and gratitude.

THE BLAIR BILL.

The Blair educational bill has passed the Senate. It appropriates $77,000,000 to be distributed among the States in proportion to their illiteracy on the basis of the census of 1880, the payments of the money to extend over a series of eight years. The amount to be distributed the first year is $7,000,000, the second, $10,000,000, the third, $15,000,000, the sums then diminishing at the rate of $2,000,000 annually until the eighth year, when all appropriations shall cease. The bill has been vigorously opposed, but it passed finally by a vote of 33 to 11, two of the eleven being Republicans, Messrs. Hawley and Miller, of California, and fourteen of the thirty-three being Democrats.

The general principle of national aid to education in the States is not new, and its constitutionality is affirmed by eminent authorities. The practical question raised by this bill is whether it will foster a dangerous dependence of the State upon the national Treasury, and so far paralyze its own activities and sense of responsibility for its own education. We presume that the bill would not have passed except for the peculiar situation into which emancipation threw the old Slave States. At the close of a war which had completely impoverished those States some of them found that half of their population, whom it had formerly been a crime to instruct, must now be educated for the common interest. The necessity, however, had arisen from the action of the national government, and it was but fair that the national government should bear a share of the new, sudden, and immense burden.

Undoubtedly it is for the interest of the whole Union that class ignorance in the Southern States should be reduced. It is for the interest of those who would retain the class in subjection that it should remain untaught. The objections that might arise from the possibility of inculcating a habit of dependence upon the national government were overcome by a consideration of the various dangers that might easily spring from the gross ignorance of an emancipated class. Mr. Hoar secured an amendment requiring that the money should be used to provide for the equalization of school privileges to all children, without distinction of race or color. The vote was very emphatic and non-partisan, and the result of the experiment, should the House pass the bill, will be watched with great interest.

A NEW DANGER.

The fire in the St. George apartment-house, although occurring in the morning, and in a building declared to be fire-proof, seriously imperiled the lives of those who were in their rooms, and may well arouse general apprehension. We agree with the *Times* and the *Herald* that the time has arrived for the most stringent legislative precautions against catastrophes which are evidently most probable. The rapid erection of these enormous dwelling-houses, some of them rising to a dozen floors, and the peculiar structure in which the elevator plays so conspicuous a part, present new forms of peril with which it is obvious that mere individual interest is not sufficient to cope.

The St. George was declared to be fire-proof. But in the case of a passenger steamboat something more is required than the declaration of interested persons that the boilers are safe and the hull stanch. There must be responsible official inspection and certificate, and the passenger may demand to see the evidence of the safety of the boat, and the proprietor is required to keep the certificate in public view. Similar legal requirements, and of the utmost thoroughness and strictness, should be applied to apartment-houses. If anybody proposes to build dwelling-houses, the community should see that they are built in a way which does not imperil human life, and upon the principle which authorizes it to regulate the storage and sale of gunpowder and the sale of intoxicating liquors. There are practically fire-proof buildings in New York, and it is possible to make these huge houses fire-proof. The destruction of the St. George is a warning which should be heeded without waiting for a more ghastly form of warning. Had the building taken fire in the night, it is easy to imagine the appalling catastrophe which must have followed. Certainly the community ought not to wait for such a warning, and it can not be difficult to obtain proper legislation.

PERSONAL.

The best place for story-telling I ever knew (said an old traveller) was behind the smoke-stack of a Cunard steamer, thirty years ago. There was room enough for seven or eight passengers to huddle together out of the reach of the wind, and the yarns there told were of the sort that linger in the memory. If more than that number tried to listen, the latest-comers would be too far one side or the other to receive the protection of the smoke-stack, and after bending their heads a little in an unsuccessful effort to get within the charmed circle, would soon steal away in a shiver.

—George Cary Eggleston, who has written some sound sense on the management of boys, is the father of a handsome lad of fourteen; and last summer, at Lake George, during his vacation, he found his recreation in following the lead of that lad in all matters of amusement, swimming with him when he wanted to swim, rowing for him when he wished to troll, tramping with him when he felt like tramping. Mr. Eggleston came back renovated. He thinks boys are the best company in the world.

—Mr. George W. Cable is really sorry that he originated that practical joke on Mark Twain. He thinks that all practical jokes are cruel. He never was cruel before, and he declares his intention never to be again.

—Professor Hinkel, of Vassar College, has the inestimable good luck of being popular with the young ladies. They admire his sincerity and frank simplicity. He had long been in the habit of calling upon his pupils to recite in alphabetical order, beginning at the commencement of the roll; but one morning he surprised them by saying, in a pathetic and grieved tone: "I understand that you are accustomed to learn your lesson only when you think your turn will come to recite. I must put a stop to this, young ladies. Next time I shall begin at the other end of the class."

—The Rev. Dr. John C. Backus, who died in Baltimore on the 9th of April, in his seventy-fourth year, was an admirable specimen of the best Southern type of gentleman. His personal magnetism was remarkable, and no one who had once come within its range was likely to forget the gentle and manly friendliness that seemed to be its inspiration.

—Story about General Winfield Scott: "I should think, General," said a brother officer, during the war, "that you would find it difficult to remember the names of all the engagements in which you have taken part." "Not at all, sir—not at all," replied the veteran, briskly; "I recall them all. Let me see, now. There was the battle of Hantilly—you remember that, don't you?" The officer did not, and was not enough of a courtier to say that he did. "Well," resumed the General, turning to a member of his staff, "*you* remember it, don't you?" "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply. "No, you don't," responded the veteran; "there never was any such battle."

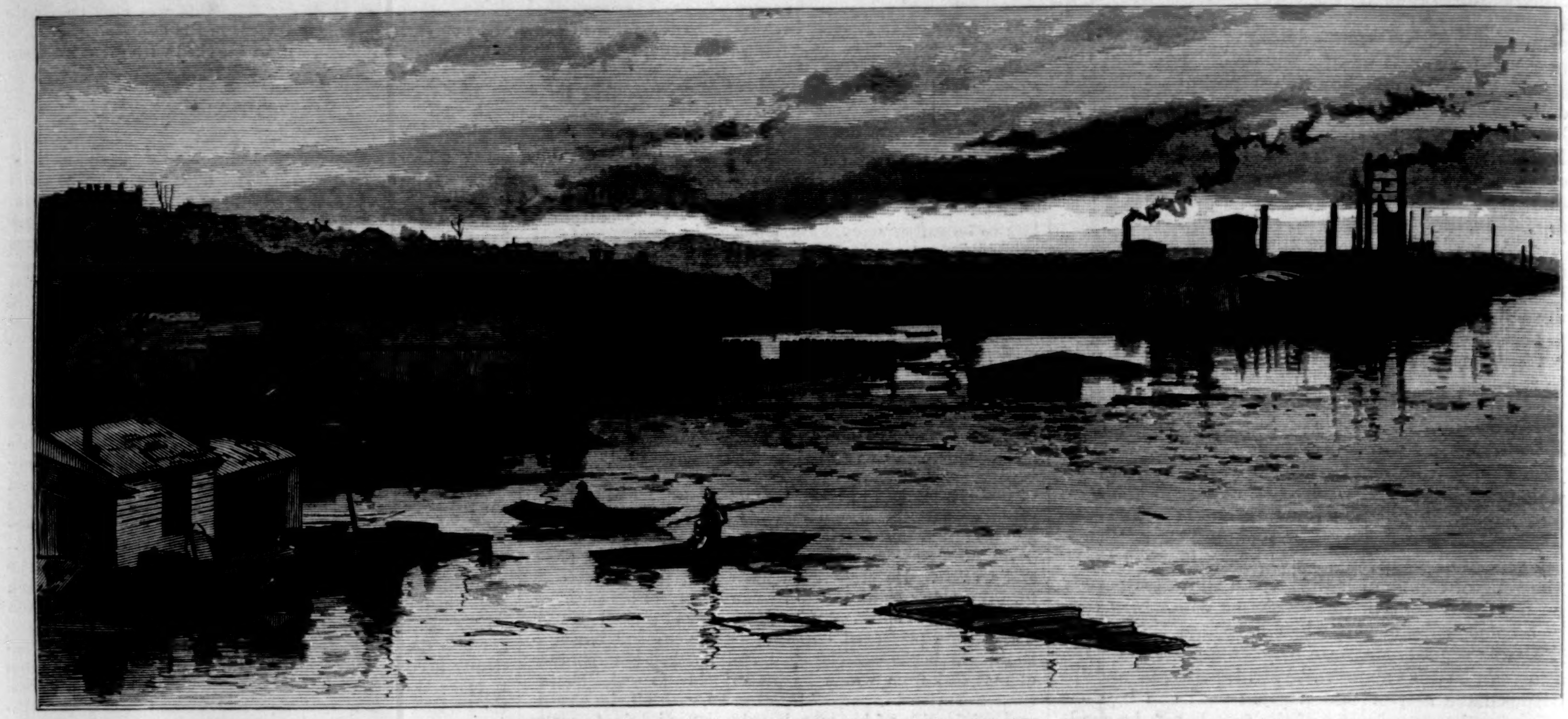
—General Gordon (better known as "Chinese" Gordon, on account of his famous military exploits among the Celestials) has caused an Arabic text to be conspicuously inscribed over his throne in the palace of Khartoom, a translation of which is, "God rules over the hearts of men."

—The Hon. Bernard Coleridge, son of Lord Coleridge, who recently visited this country, writes to the newspapers: "I wish to contradict the report that I have made an offer of marriage to Miss Mary Anderson. I do not know Miss Anderson, and I have not the smallest intention of committing bigamy." Miss Anderson professes herself deeply grieved at the false rumors in circulation with respect to her declination of certain eligible offers of marriage. She is at a loss to know who put them in circulation.

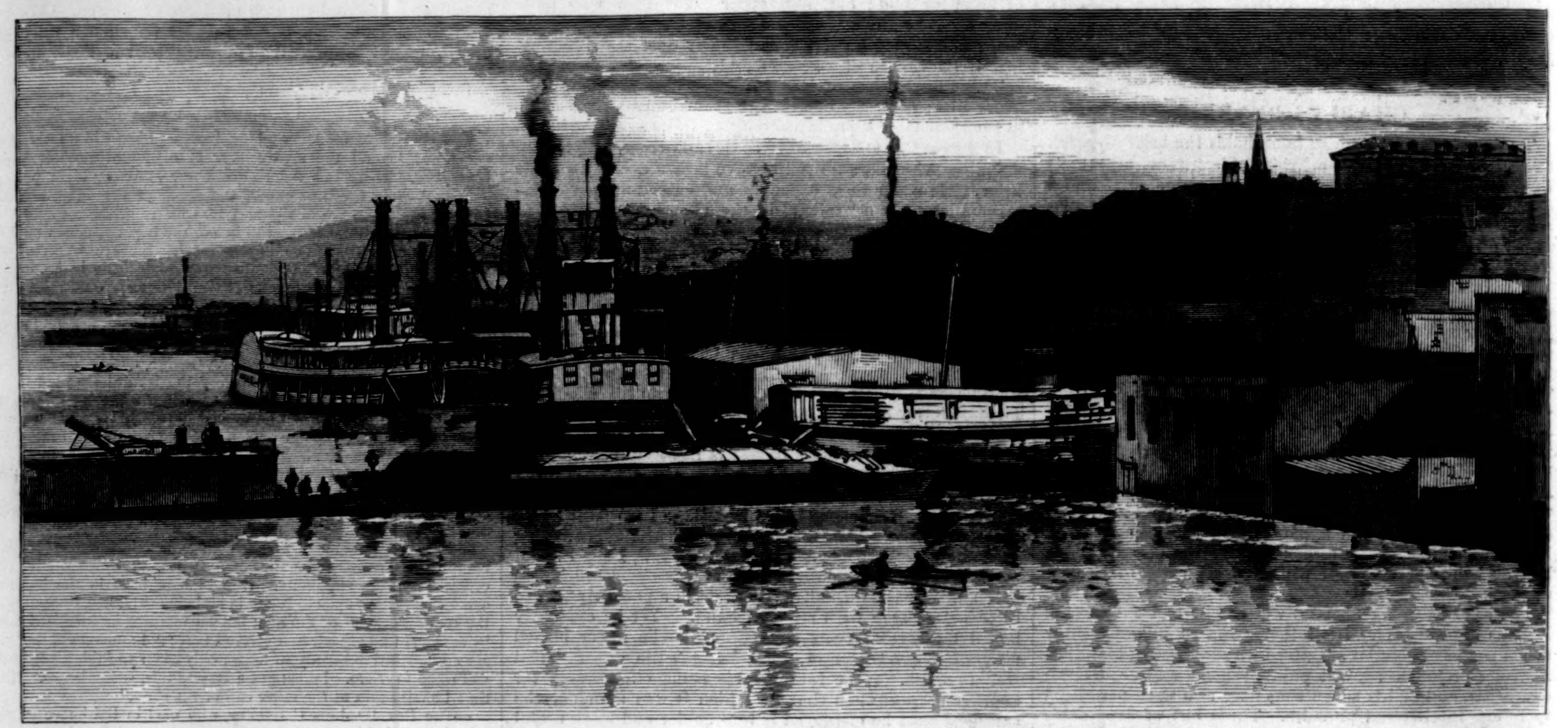
—The Pope, observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not going to leave Rome. These rumors about his intended departure only mean that he is uncomfortable. But just as men sigh for death, but shrink from suicide, so the Pope, when troubled by the friction inseparable from his position, longs to fly away from Rome and be at rest in Austria, Malta, Spain, Belgium—anywhere.

—Princess Christian, after luncheon, broke to the Duchess of Albany the news of her royal husband's death. The young widow, who had been a wife scarcely a twelvemonth, manifested a grief painful to witness, but after an interval became calm, and was able to converse.

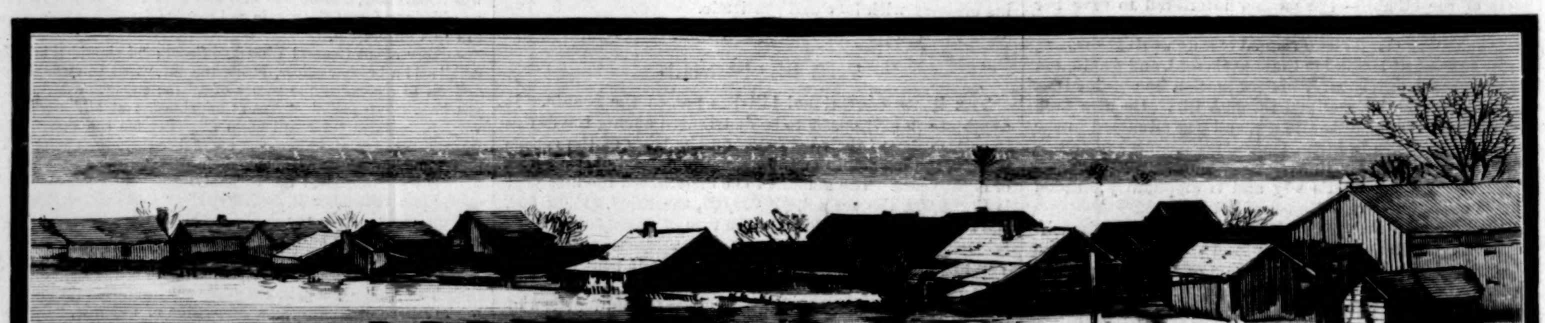
—The famous slayer of panthers, M. Bombonnel, is having so brisk an experience in Algeria that Mr. Barnum should capture him. One night, while hiding in the brushwood during a pouring rain, he saw a male panther trying to carry off some bait that had been laid for him. The white throat of the handsome brute gleamed in the darkness, and soon received a fatal bullet. Presently another beast appeared, and was similarly welcomed. It was a female, and in the morning the rifleman thanked St. Hubert "for a night that was all that a hunter could desire."



THE COTTON COMPRESS—SOUTHERN PART OF THE CITY.

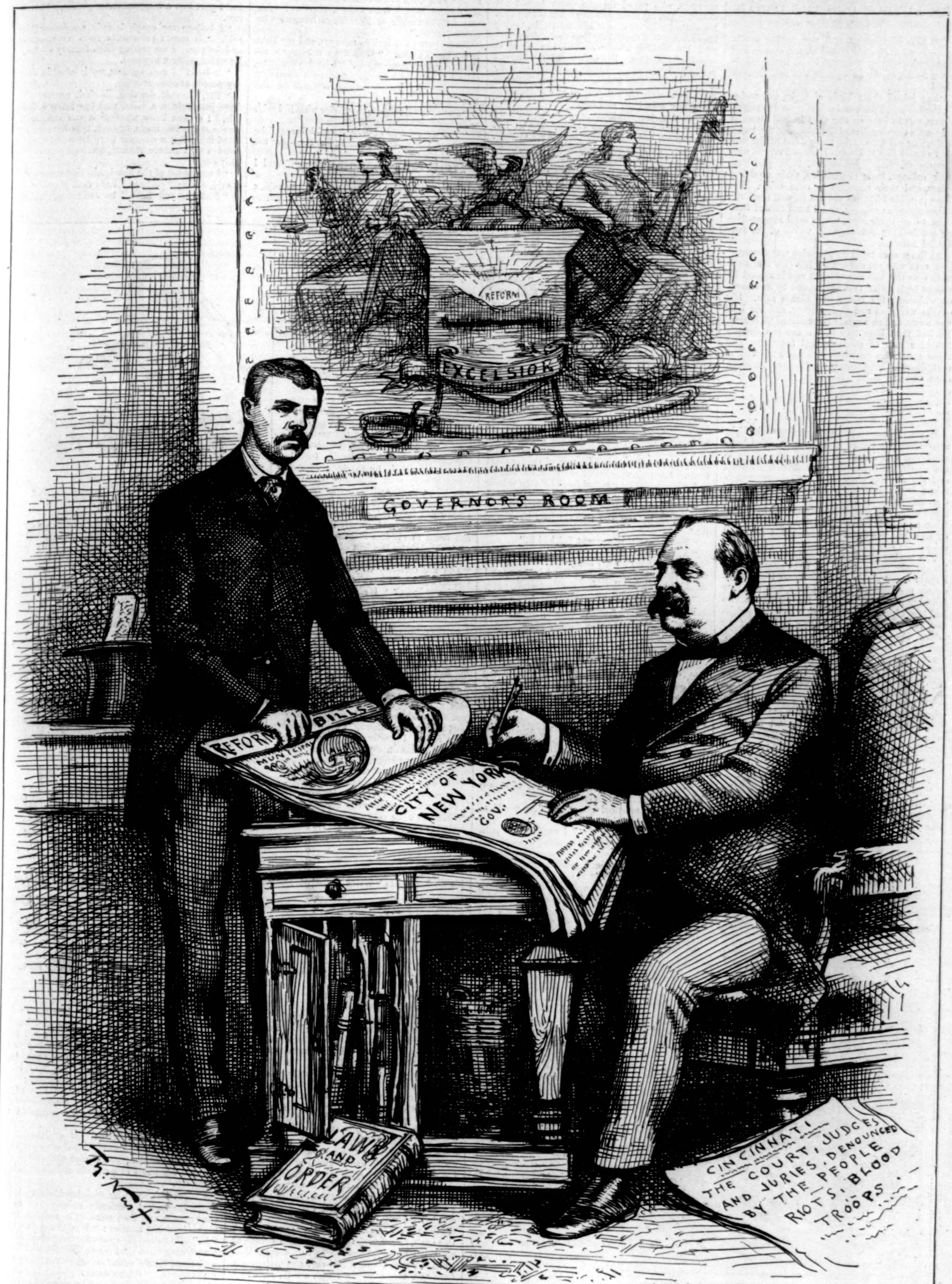


STEAMBOAT LANDING—FROM THE ELEVATOR, LOOKING EAST.



THE LOWER PART OF THE CITY—FROM KLEINSTON.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS—SCENES AT VICKSBURG.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. L. BLANK.—[SEE PAGE 251.]


REFORM
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LAWS AND ORDER
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REFORM WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THEIR GOOD WORK.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BREAD-WINNERS."

THE tide of winter travel was setting southward—southward to the land of the orange and the alligator—away from the bleak spring winds of the North, to the balmy airs and soft skies of Florida.

I had joined these birds of flight, and to-day my mother and I were embarked upon the steamer that was to bear us away. I looked about at the bustle that betokened departure, in the hopes of singling out among the faces those of the people I should like to know. I amused myself with pictures of their life-histories, their positions, their callings, their possessions, their dwelling-places, and their relations to each other. But these possible histories did not fit well upon the rather prosaic company, and I soon turned from them to go upon deck, where until supper-time we sat looking out over the waves of the sun-lighted Atlantic.

At the supper table my attention was attracted by a man who sat opposite. His face and neck were very red, and the redness was increased by a tight high collar that heightened by its starched whiteness the ruddy hue of his skin. His cheeks were full and clean-shaven, and his hair was scant, and of a sandy color mixed with gray. He had light blue eyes that shone prominently behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and these spectacles were the sole mark about him that denoted intellectuality. He was strongly, even coarsely, built. His dress was that of a gentleman, and a certain pompous manner of assurance gave evidence that he had mingled with the world, and was not afraid of it. He looked, in fact, as if he were not afraid of anything.

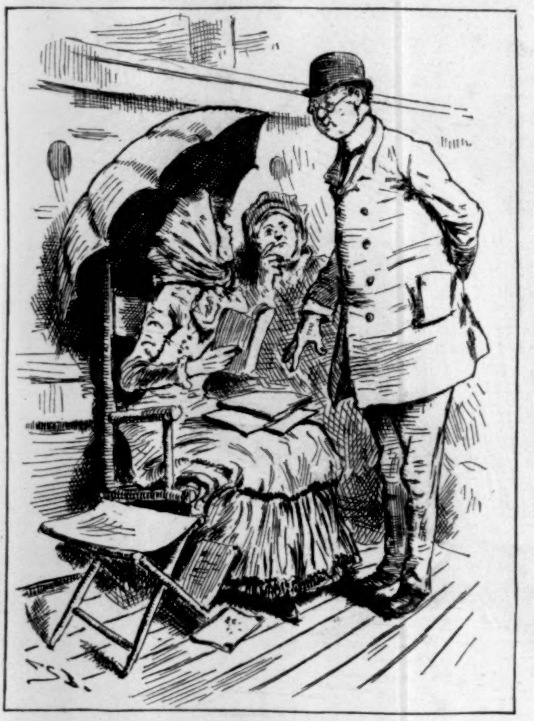
When the meat course was entirely served, he astonished the waiter by ordering a third beefsteak and a third cup of coffee. The giggle of the waiter, the stare of the purser, who presided, and the smiling glances of his fellow-voyagers might have humiliated one more observant of conventionalities. But not so this burly red-faced man, who unconcernedly ate his beefsteak when everybody else was finishing off with stewed fruit and cake, and ate his stewed fruit and cake when everybody else had left the table.

The tossing of a night at sea had not impaired his appetite when at breakfast the next morning I again found myself opposite him. He had evidently preceded us by some time, and was now finishing his breakfast with the air of one who had breakfasted well, and was taking a few dilatory last mouthfuls preparatory to quitting the table. He wiped his mouth once or twice violently with his napkin as we seated ourselves at the table, and with a polite bow said, "Good-morning, ladies." He hesitated a moment, and said, again, "Ah—ah, waiter, another half-cup of coffee—ah, hot, waiter, hot."

The waiter brought him his coffee, which he stirred briskly a moment, and drank at two mouthfuls. He wheeled his chair around from the table as if to arise from it, but, pausing again a moment, he looked at us. "Rather rough, last night," he said, cheerily. "I trust you are none the worse of it this morning."

We assured him that we were good sailors.

"That's right—that's right," he said, rubbing his hands. "Nothing like strong wills for keeping down seasickness. Pity more ladies are not like you," he added, approvingly, looking around at the nearly empty tables. He evidently considered that he had paid us a compliment, and bowing like a Chesterfield, he rose and went on deck.



"WELL SUPPLIED WITH LITERATURE, I SEE."

A few moments later we followed. Selecting a sunny corner, we raised an umbrella at our backs to keep off the wind, and sat comfortably ensconced behind its tent-like shelter. For some time we sat gazing out over the dancing expanse of waters, at the sea-gulls that followed our wake, at the fleecy white clouds that already told us we were nearing the summer land, and at our fellow-voyagers, who paced up and down before our chairs. Among these was our table companion. He walked with an almost martial stride, taking his exercise in a dutiful fashion that did not prevent his looking alertly around him, as if in search of diversion. His eyes very often strayed in the direction of our raised umbrella, as if he rather fancied this idea of protection from the wind, and twice he half paused at our chairs in his steady walk back and forth.

Watching his straight, solid figure, outlined against the wide expanse of sea, grew at last monotonous, and we opened our books to read. Of these we had quite a lapful, principally pertaining to Florida. We had guide-books and histories of Florida, an essay of Edward King on Florida, Mrs. Stowe's novel of Florida called *Palmetto Leaves*, and several journals descriptive of the charms of wintering in Florida. But among these were one or two of the latest novels, that had nothing about Florida in their chapters. *The Bread-Winners* was one of these. I had just completed this story, and was about to close the cover, when the voice of the stout, red-faced man caused me to look up.

"Well supplied with literature, I see," he said, his countenance beaming cordially. "Um! allow me to look at them?" He bowed questioningly, and stooped to turn over the books in my lap. "Good idea," he said, condescendingly, "to inform yourself beforehand upon what you expect to see." His sharp blue eyes turned to the book in my hand, and he gave a searching look at my face. Calculating the amount of shade that the umbrella threw, he seated himself upon a camp-stool within its boundary. He touched his hat as he did so, and said, in a matter-of-course tone: "I suppose you do not object to my sitting here for a few moments. Ceremony, you know, is laid aside on shipboard." He parted his lips in a sort of smile: they were very red, and parched a little, and showed an uneven row of strong short teeth. His eyes were still fixed upon the volume in my hand, and he reached forth his own to take it. "Ah! I thought so, from the appearance of the cover," he exclaimed, raising his eyebrows quickly, as he saw the title. "You have read it?"

"Yes, I have this moment finished it."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? I am not prepared to say. I must think about it a little. But I know what I think of its author."

"What?" he said, attentively.

"I think he is a very clever fellow." He stroked his chin complacently. "Because," I went on, "he has made a stroke in concealing his name."

"Um!" he said, looking down. After a moment he looked at me. "You think, then," he said, "that the book would not have had the success it has if the author had come out at once with his name?"

"Oh, I do not say that. It is certainly a powerful story."

"Um!" he said, stroking his chin again.

"And," I continued, "would have attracted attention under any circumstances."

"Um!" he said, louder, looking at me, with a gleam of eagerness in his bright eyes.

"It is," I said, "written by a man of strong brain and of keen observation."

"Um!" he assented again, with deep gratification, and rubbing his hands.

"But," I continued, "publishing it anonymously has certainly piqued curiosity and roused added attention."

He sat for some moments in thoughtful silence, and then said at last, rubbing his hands: "Wonderful, wonderful, the amount of attention it has created! North, South, East, and West, every magazine, every newspaper, notices it, and now they are beginning to notice it in far-off England." He parted his lips again in increased gratification.

"The author must be a proud man to have attracted such wide attention," I said. "I wonder he can consent to remain hidden in the dark."

"Ah, he is sharp—he is sharp," he asserted, with pleased conviction.

"He must be," I said, laughing. "And what sort of a profession do you suppose he has, that, as he asserts in his published letter, will be injured by the disclosure of his name?"

He looked at me closely. "He is a preacher," he said, suddenly, and then caught himself as if he had said it inadvertently.

"A preacher!" I said, astonished. "What of that? Preachers have written novels."

"It is better for preachers not to go into novel-writing," he said, wagging his head. "It weakens their influence—it weakens their influence," he went on, still shaking his head. "The truth is that I am a preacher myself, and I know how it is."

"Have you ever written a novel?" I said, lightly, regarding him curiously.

He gave me a half-crafty look out of the corners of his eyes. "I have," he said at last.

"And you published it anonymously?"

"I did."

I looked at his practical proportions and matter-of-fact face, and tried to imagine him as the author of a book of fiction. I gave a short little laugh, and said, "Who knows, mamma?—this may be the author of *The Bread-Winners* who sits before us."

He had seen the look in my eyes, and my light laugh nettled him. "Why keep it longer a secret?" he said, importantly. "I have already resolved to acknowledge it. And such charming ladies as yourselves"—bowing—"shall be the first to know it."

"To acknowledge—acknowledge what?" I said, with growing amazement.

"The authorship of *The Bread-Winners*," he answered, pompously, watching our faces for the effect of his words.

"You!" I gasped—"you its author!" and I stared at him.

"I do not wonder at your surprise," he said, a pleased light of vanity in his eyes. "I like to astonish people. I am picturing to myself much pleasure in the surprise of my friends when I disclose the truth to them. I intend to allow myself a good deal of sport of this kind before I publish my name in the journals."

I had no reason to doubt his words, but I felt a rude shock at this disclosure. I had had my own visions of the author of *The Bread-Winners*. I had speculated about him, and even dreamed about him a little, but it was in far other than the form of this sensual, red-faced clergyman. I looked furtively at the stout red figure with its gleaming gold-rimmed spectacles, and tried hard to adjust him in my mind as the author of the *The Bread-Winners*. He was a vigorous man certainly, and the story was vigorous. There was at least one point in common between the man and his story. But talent certainly chooses strange shells in which to dwell. I tried to console myself by thinking of the many homely men of genius that the world has seen, and began to feel at last a degree of pride that this notable author had been led, even by accident, to confide in me. I already heard myself boast to my less fortunate friends of this delightful incident of travel, and in a burst of gratitude I said to him: "You are certainly very kind to have confided in us. I have wished—almost passionately—that I could know who the author is, and you can not know how much this incident gratifies me." I felt my cheek burn and my eyes shine with the sudden excitement of my discovery.

He looked excited also, and fairly beamed upon us behind his shining glasses. "Um!—oh, by-the-way," he said, "I have one request to make in return for my confidence. It is that you will not speak of this until you see that it is publicly known, which will be very soon. I prefer the pleasure of making it known myself, you see," and he parted his parched lips again.

I readily agreed to this reasonable request, and even rejoiced that I was sharing the secret of this man of letters.

"I have one request to make of you," I said. "Will you write your name in this volume?" and I held out the novel to him. He looked staggered for a moment. "I will not show it to any one until the publication of your name gives me permission," I said, seeing the expression on his face. He bowed at that, and taking a portable pen from his pocket, wrote "William Simeon Ludlow" on the fly-leaf.

"Thank you. I shall keep this volume as long as I live," I said, gushingly, at which the air of hesitation that he had shown in writing his name vanished, and his red face glowed again with pompous vanity.

All that day William Simeon Ludlow staid beside us, and answered good-naturedly my questions about how he came to write the book, where he had found the material, and how and why he had preserved its secrecy.

Although he exhibited no very marked power of brain nor of tongue to us, we could not lose sight of the fact that he had written so remarkable a book, and we valued his acquaintance accordingly. When we parted from him at Savannah it was with a warm invitation from my mother and myself that he should visit us in New York. I already promised myself the pleasure of giving a reception in honor of the distinguished writer.

I hugged both literally and metaphorically my volume of *The Bread-Winners*, now made so precious by the author's name, to my heart. When we reached the St. James Hotel at Jacksonville I decided to read it again more carefully. I carried it one morning into the hotel parlors, and seated myself near one of the windows to spend a quiet hour in perusing its pages. A hollow cough from a gentleman seated near me caused me to turn my head. The window at which I sat was open, and through it blew a fresh breath of air laden with the sweet scent of orange blossoms. The gentleman had soft and melancholy dark eyes that were fixed with a little air of apprehension on my open window.

"Pardon me!" he said, when I turned my head: "may I ask your permission to close this window?" Another fit of coughing interrupted him.

"I shall close it myself," I said, in pity for this dreamy-eyed invalid; and I hurriedly shut the window.

"I am sorry," he said, in a soft voice, and with a melancholy smile, "that I must shut out these sweet airs. I am here for rest and cure, and I must take the proper precautions. It is a pity that in doing so I must make others suffer."

"I do not suffer at all," I said, cordially. "I am quite comfortable with the window closed," and I gave him a compassionate glance, which he saw.

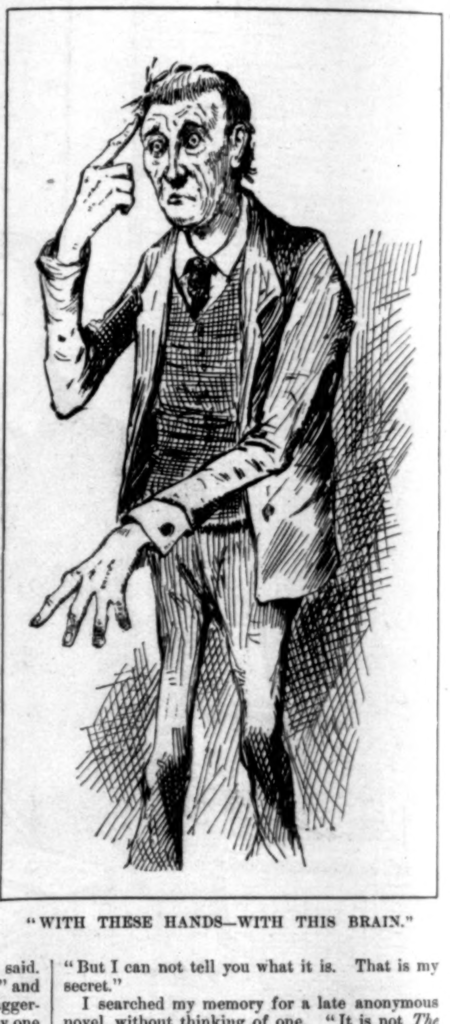
"I believe my cough is only temporary," he said. "It comes principally from nervousness and fatigue. I am resting from literary labors," he added, after a moment.

"Indeed?" I said, smiling, my interest in literary people at once aroused.

"Yes," he said, drawing his chair nearer. "I have just written a novel that has made a little stir. I do not know whether it was writing it, or the stir it has made, or both, that have so excited me. But my nerves have been put upon a tension that nature resents, and rest is now my only cure."

"I read most of the new books that come out," I said, shyly; "perhaps I have read yours."

"Perhaps you have," he answered, smiling. "But I can not tell you what it is. That is my secret."



"WITH THESE HANDS—WITH THIS BRAIN."

I searched my memory for a late anonymous novel, without thinking of one. "It is not *The Bread-Winners*, at any rate," I said, gayly, and holding up the book before him, "because—" I caught myself just in time.

"Why not?" he said, a fixed glitter in his dark eyes.

"Well, because—" I replied, a little frightened at his commanding look.

"Why is it not *The Bread-Winners?*" he insisted.

"Because I know the author of *The Bread-Winners*," I said, recklessly, throwing scruples to the winds in the excitement of asserting my knowledge to this interesting literary invalid.

I was startled at the expression that came over his face.

"Who is it?" he commanded, in a thick voice.

"William Simeon Ludlow," I answered, hastily.

A wild light came into his eyes; a red flush stole up to his pale, dark cheek; his fingers intertwined nervously, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "That is not true," he said.

"Oh, it must be!" I said, decidedly; and, spurred on by his agitation, I told him of my meeting with the author of *The Bread-Winners*, at the same time showing him the name in my book.

During my hasty recital his excitement increased almost to a frenzy; his cheeks grew redder, his eyes wilder; he glanced with quick contempt at the name in my book, and threw it back in my lap.

"What infamy!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. He looked restlessly around him at the empty room, and then went on in reckless haste, his voice rising hoarser: "Well, I am forced to this." He turned his eyes upon me with an almost threatening light. "I wrote *The Bread-Winners* with these hands"—and he held out a thin pair of white hands. "With this brain"—and he tapped his forehead vehemently—"I wrote it!" He was trembling violently, and a fit of coughing shook his frame. He sank back exhausted in his chair, and half closed his eyes.

I gazed at him with the keenest amazement and pity. "Oh, forgive me!" I cried, going toward him. "I did not dream—"

"Certainly not," he said, feebly opening his eyes. "You could not know. Only promise me," he said, recovering himself still farther, and clutching at my dress, "that you will not reveal what, in a weak moment, I have told you."

"No, no," I promised, incoherently. "I am so happy that the author is not that fat, cheating old man! You look much more like my idea of its author." I longed to ask him some questions, but I feared to excite him again.

"Thank you," he said, sweetly, and he leaned, pale and handsome, back in his chair. After a few moments he rose. "I am better now," he said, in return for my anxious glance, and he slowly left the room.

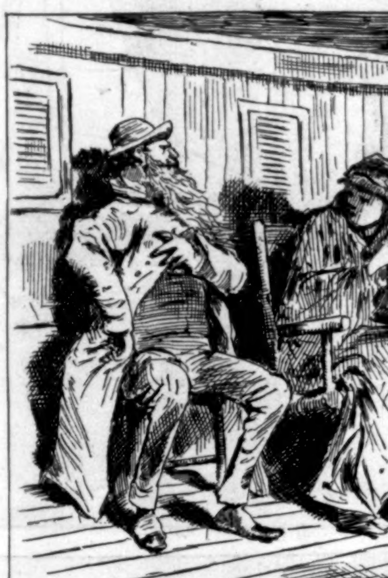
I rushed upstairs in a tumult. "Mamma," I exclaimed, bursting into our room, "this fiend in human form did not write *The Bread-Winners* at all! He lied!—he lied!" I tore the page containing his name out of the book, and crushed it into bits. "Oh! how could we have been so fooled?" and with tears of mortification in my eyes I told her the whole story.

I had no doubt whatever that this soft-eyed, white-handed young man was the true author of the book. His exhibition of feeling had been too genuine to leave room for doubt. How much more literary-looking and brainful he was than that miserable pompous cheat William Simeon Ludlow! At this hateful thought I remembered that I did not know the name of the real author. I resolved that at the first opportunity I would, as delicately as possible, ask him to write his name in my book.

The next morning we left for a several days' steamboat journey up the St. John's River, intending at the end of it to return to Jacksonville. I was eager for this excursion to be finished, that I might renew my acquaintance with the fascinating author of *The Bread-Winners*. I thought of him very often in our course up the tropical river. I considered it a special intervention of Providence that he had been thrown in my pathway to contradict the assertion of the false writer, toward whom my bitterness increased as time went on.

Our journey along the picturesque river was exceedingly pleasant, and in the freemasonry of steamboat life we made acquaintance with our fellow-voyagers.

One of these was, to my romantic imagination, a perfect sun-god in appearance. His long golden beard rippled down over a broad chest, his kind eyes shone brilliantly beneath an intelligent forehead, and his noble head was poised upon a pair of strong, well-shaped shoulders. He talked so well, and showed such a fund of varied learning, travel, and experience, that we were much flattered that he staid beside us almost constantly during those long, sunny, happy days. A longer acquaintance only revealed more attractions of mind and person. He was a keen observer, and knew men and manners perfectly. His sympathies I could see, though not noticeably biassed, were of an aristocratic tendency. He called himself Dr. Clyde, and laughingly gave the practice of his profession as a reason of his wide knowledge of all classes of life. He knew a number of the literary men of our day, and described their appearance and manners to me.



"I—IN FACT, I WROTE IT MYSELF."

I felt very small and inexperienced before this man of the world. He was the most elegant man that I had ever met, and I was determined to appear my best and brightest before him. I was fired by a sudden ambition to tell him of the sole literary lion that I knew, and under this impulse I verified the fact that women can not keep a secret. I forgot my promise made to the author of *The Bread-Winners*—to the two authors of *The Bread-Winners*—who were, after all, strangers to me, and related from the beginning my adventures in connection with that book.

He listened very attentively to my story, laughing a good deal at the description of William Simeon Ludlow, and looking more grave at that of the young man at Jacksonville.

"I am truly glad," I ended, "that I have learned the real author of that book. It does him no harm that I should know it, and it does me a world of good. Of course I shall not tell." Dr. Clyde shrugged his shoulders at this. "You can not imagine how I have wanted to find the author out. It has really preyed upon my mind. But now I know!" I exclaimed, triumphantly, real gladness in my voice.

Dr. Clyde looked at me curiously. He had seen so much of the world's distinguished people that he could not understand my delight over my one star. He sat looking thoughtfully out over the river, red with sunset lights, and after a while arose, and straightening out his tall figure, walked slowly up and down the guards, softly humming to himself the bars of an opera.

In the evening a round yellow moon arose, and wrapping a heavy cloak around me, I left my mother inside our state-room, and sat just outside the door to enjoy the cool beauty of the night, which was our last on board.

A tall dark figure leaned over the railing farther away. A small red spark of fire in the neighborhood of his mouth told that he was smoking. Suddenly the red spark was tossed into the river below, and the tall figure approached my neighborhood. He drew a chair close beside me in the moonlight, and looked about him cautiously.

"Where is your mother?" he said.

"She has gone to bed, Dr. Clyde."

"Ah! I—I have something to say to you before we part," he said, hesitating.

A quiver ran through my heart. I had read a great deal about cases of quick love. Was this glorious creature going to offer me his? It was sudden, but he was very fascinating. I would hear him at least; and I waited in trembling quiet.

"It is in regard to the authorship of *The Bread-Winners*," he said, with a laugh that dispelled my foolish dream. "I have been thinking over what you have told me, and I think it is too bad to let such an enthusiastic little girl as yourself believe an untruth."

A dull foreboding clutched at my heart-strings.

"I—in fact, I wrote it myself," he said, half-deprecatingly. "I do not wish to pose as an author, nor as a blue, and that is why I have kept it quiet. In my profession it would be of no advantage to me. People would be afraid that in my thirst for the analytical discussion of their characters I might expose the confidences given me as the family doctor. They would be afraid to trust their lives to me lest over their sick couches I might be dreaming of the sorrows of the Malvina of my next book. My first intention was to allow you your belief that you knew the real author. But only a moment ago I took a resolution to tell you the truth. I will not ask you to keep my secret, as my counterfeiters have done," he said, laughing again. "But I think I can trust you not to noise me about very publicly, at any rate."

I had sat as if stunned, but now I rose desperately to my feet. "You the author of *The Bread-Winners!*" I exclaimed. "Oh, this is too much!" and I covered my face with my hands.

Something told me that here at last was truth that I could not doubt. He was too manly, too lofty, too far above considerations of vanity, to claim the authorship of a book he had never written. It was the two others who were the frauds, and my whole chagrin was for myself that I had been so tricked by them. The soft eyes of the second one rose before me. He had, indeed, seemed sincere; but I remembered that he was an invalid. His mind was no doubt diseased also, and he had been laboring under a hallucination, of which he had made me the victim. It was, after all, worth all my chagrin to know that the true author was this splendid man before me. I put down my hands in taking courage, and said, in a subdued voice:

"Good-night. I can not talk any more about it now."

"I do not wonder at your astonishment," he said to me, kindly.

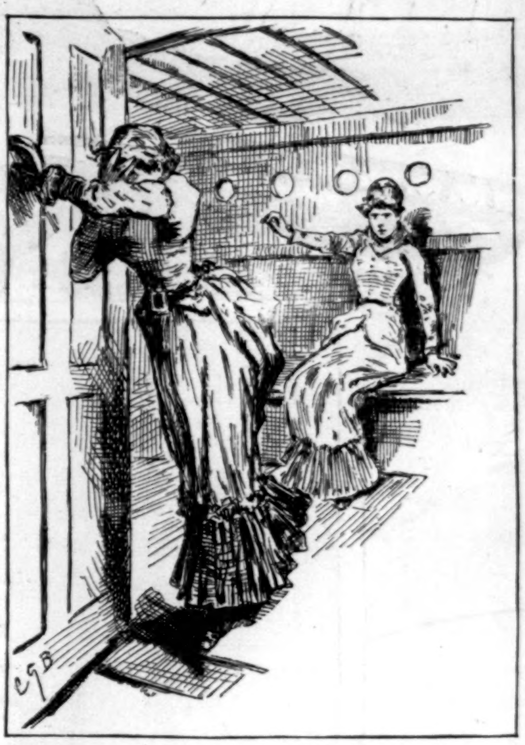
"I—I hope to meet you in Jacksonville," I said, weakly. "And you will write your name in my book—will you not?" And with a hysterical little gurgle I went into my state-room.

But we did not meet him again. Nor did I see the dark-eyed invalid. When we returned to our hotel I learned that he had left for the North the day before.

Shortly after this we left Jacksonville, and proceeded to Cedar Keys, where we took a steamer across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans. From there we took our way northward by means of a steamboat up the Mississippi River. In all this long water journey I was very wary of gentlemen travellers. If conversation with them approached, even remotely, the subject of literature, I rose abruptly and left them. I knew now without doubt who was the author of *The Bread-Winners*; and though this belief could not be shaken, I felt that my nerves could endure no more pretenders to its throne.

I allowed myself lengthened conversations with ladies only. They could not possibly claim *The Bread-Winners*, and with them I felt safe.

We fell in with one family who were travelling in precisely the same direction as ourselves, and in our long quiet hours of steamboating together a feeling of more than ordinary acquaintanceship sprang up between us. The most interesting member of this family to me was the eldest daughter—a tall fair girl, with a smooth low voice and a tranquil manner.



"I CAN PROVE IT: I CAN SHOW YOU THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT."

In our long conversations together we grew at last confidential. We had touched upon literature more than once, but, though sadly tempted, I had refrained from telling her my adventures with the several authors of *The Bread-Winners*. To-day, however, as we sat hand in hand together on a sofa inside the steamboat cabin, the conversation turned upon that book. I was very guarded. I talked of its writer as a vigorous man, as a man of strong brain and of keen insight, but I gave no hint that I knew him.

"I wonder who he is?" I said, enjoying my superior knowledge.

"Why do you always put it in the masculine?" she said.

"Because he *is* a masculine," I said, stoutly.

"How do you know?" A scared feeling began to creep over me. "What cause have you to believe that a man wrote it at all?" she continued, meaningly.

"I know him," I cried, desperately. "Dr. Clyde wrote that book."

"He did not," she exclaimed, vehemently, turning pale. "A woman wrote it: and"—she wheeled upon me in a sudden burst of confidence—"*I* am that woman."

I felt as if I were turning to stone. What had I done that the whole world should thus conspire to cheat me about that dreadful book? I had no voice for words. I was utterly broken in spirit, and without a word I rose to leave her. She held me back. "You do not believe me?" she cried. "I can prove it: I can show you the original manuscript."

I put my fingers to my ears and broke away from her. I fled to my state-room, and threw myself face downward on the bed. My brain was reeling. A fever was in my blood. I felt myself growing ill.

Without a word of farewell to our last new friends we went that night to our hotel in St. Louis. There I tossed all night long upon my uneasy pillow. A hideous nightmare disturbed my slumbers. Small fiends wearing the faces of the four proclaimed authors of *The Bread-Winners* danced around my bed. They bore in their hands huge pens, with handles each a yard in length. With these they pricked and tore my flesh as they wrote upon my body the lines of that book, now grown to me so terrible. I rose the next morning pale, haggard, and trembling, but with a strong resolution.

"Mamma," I said, "nobody wrote that book; it wrote itself. If an angel from heaven comes down and tells me that he wrote it, I will not believe him."

THE "ST. GEORGE" FLATS.

If the owners of rented dwelling-houses were compelled to comply with the requirements of a strict building law with reference to safeguards against fire, under penalty of paying the losses of their tenants and heavy damages for loss of life or injury to person, we might have no more such fires as the terrible and shameful one which consumed the St. George apartment-house. As it is, there is nothing but their consciences—and that is very little—to prevent landlords from building houses which are utterly unsafe. The St. George was a very good example of this. It was a big and showy house, with a massive-looking front of Nova Scotia stone and terra-cotta ornaments, and columns at the entrance. It covered a plot of ground sixty feet front and ninety-three feet deep, and towered eight stories above the surface of the street, with a deep cellarway beneath. It was proclaimed by its owner to be "fire-proof," and it is said that there was a clause in the leases which contained a statement to that effect. There was a parade of certain features of a fire-proof building, such as the elevator runway being lined with iron, but it was in reality a vast furnace chimney with every appliance for making a fire burn fast and furious. The back stairway was of wood, and the passage for the dumb-waiter, or freight elevator, ran from the cellar to the roof with unprotected openings at each floor. Any one who has ever kindled a grate fire has seen on a small scale exactly what happened in the St. George. Fire was started either at the base of the dumb-waiter runway or somewhere on its line, and leaped madly from floor to floor, burning away the light doors, and filling the house with smoke and flame. In ten minutes after the inmates were alarmed, escape by the elevator or the stairway became absolutely impossible. One lady, with a sick child, on the seventh floor, who was warned as soon as a message could reach her, was only rescued by ladders from the roof of a neighboring building, while the lad who warned her was saved by ladders from the new Life-saving Corps of the Fire Department. In neither case was there any fire-escape of the slightest use. There was none at all in front, and the one at the side of the building stopped at the sixth floor, leaving the place of greatest danger unprovided for.

The consequences which would have followed had the fire started at night may well be imagined. They would have been simply horrible. The house contained fourteen "apartments," or flats, all but one of which were occupied. It is probable that not less than seventy persons slept in the building at night. It would have been very fortunate if fifty of them had escaped with their lives from a fire at night. As it was, there were many very narrow escapes, which would have been impossible had the fire got any headway.

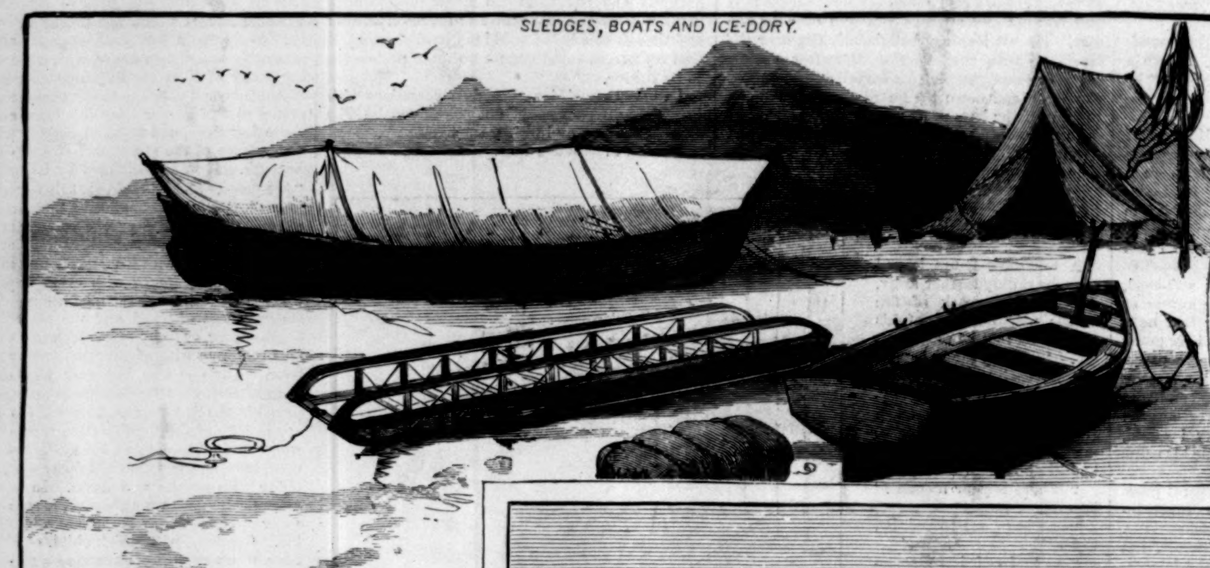
And every provision which greed and recklessness could make was made for a fire in the night. The steam-pipes for heating purposes were carried between the floors and ceilings and through the partitions without any protection whatever, and they had already once set the adjacent woodwork on fire. The floor beams are reported to have been of wood, and were unprotected. The partitions were largely of studding, lath, and plaster only. The whole rear of the house and much of the upper part constituted a mere shell of rapidly combustible matter. Detailed facts are not needed to prove this. It is shown by the single general fact that though the engines were on the ground within five minutes from the time that smoke—with no flame—was first seen, and sixteen of them were summoned by the rapidly following alarms, it was found impossible to save the building, or any part of it, even the outside walls being so far affected that they will have to be rebuilt from the third story up.

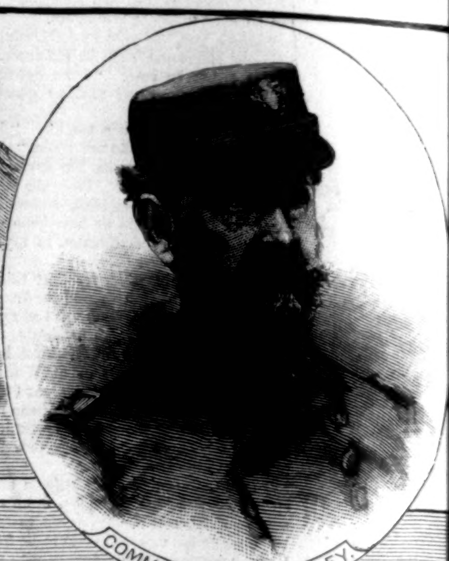
It is stated by the Superintendent of the Building Bureau that there was no explicit violation of the law in the construction of the St. George, and at the same time that it and very many others of the sort were or are entirely unsafe, so that we have this surprising and disgraceful condition of things: that the law on which citizens rely is entirely useless to protect them from gravest danger. What is needed, as was remarked at the outset, is a law carefully defining the conditions of safety, accompanied by penalties which tenants will be able to enforce. It is a simple problem, but it is likely to cost a good many human lives for its solution.

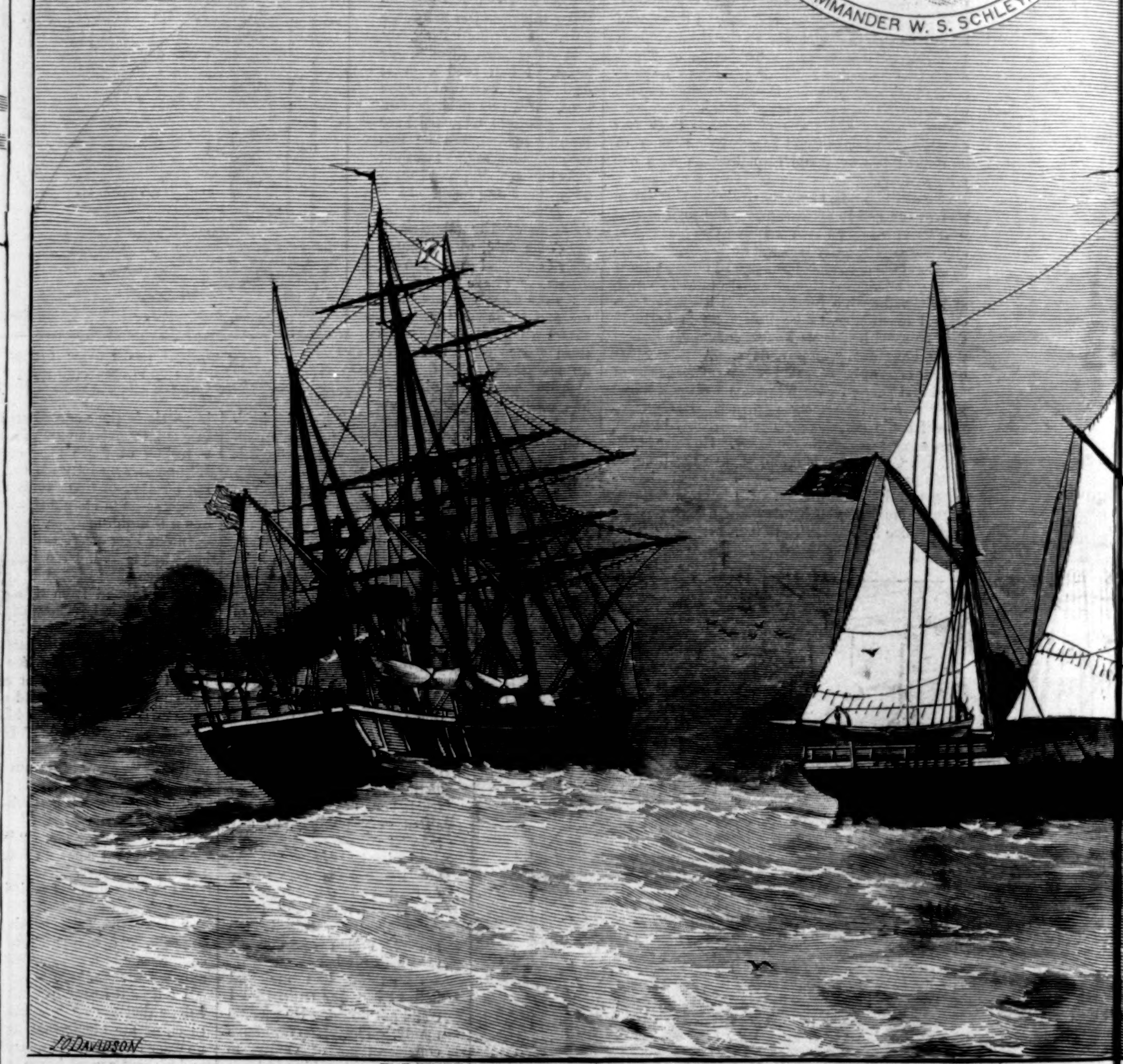
THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The disastrous floods which a few weeks ago caused such wide-spread destruction and misery in the valley of the Ohio have been still more fraught with devastation in the valley of the lower Mississippi. On the 20th of March a dispatch from Vicksburg reported that above that city the water was four inches higher than had ever been known before. From Greenville news came that all the valuable plantations on the east side of Deer Creek had been submerged, and that the water was pouring through a crevasse at Point Chicot, and running back to the Mississippi at Leland, thus threatening to cut off that peninsula, and leave Greenville five miles distant from the new channel. From other sections equally disastrous results were reported. At Milliken's Bend the water was running over the levee, and at Mulatto Point there was a crevasse fully one hundred and fifty feet wide. The country in the rear was a wild waste of waters; boats and barges were in great demand to remove stock from the overflowed lands, while, of course, all preparations for planting were effectually stopped. On March 23 the Kempe Levee, near Rodney, Mississippi, gave way; this made the disaster complete, and the Mississippi Valley was one vast inland sea. To say nothing of the loss of life and suffering among the people, the material damage could hardly be estimated, for the breaking of this levee submerged a district equal to one-half of the State of New Jersey, and inhabited by sixty thousand people.

At Vicksburg the highest point was reached about the end of the month. Destructive as this visitation has been, it does not seem to have been so widely devastating as that of two years ago.


SLEDGES, BOATS AND ICE-DORY.


COMMANDER W. S. SCHLEY.


J.O. DAVIDSON
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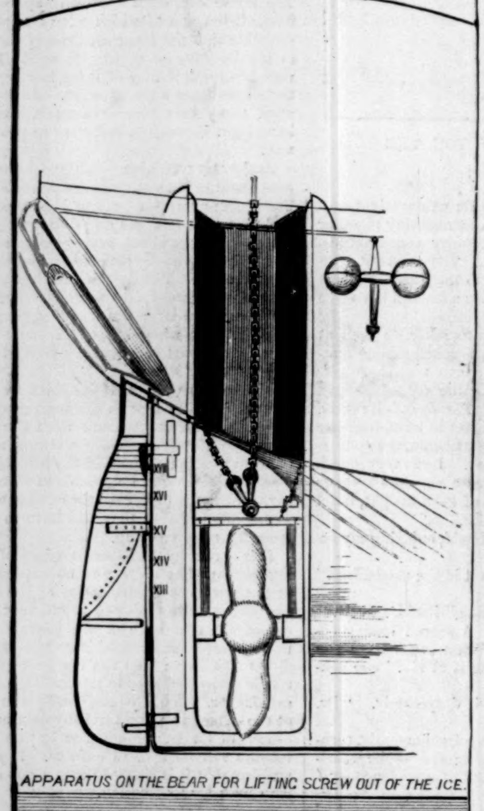
XVII
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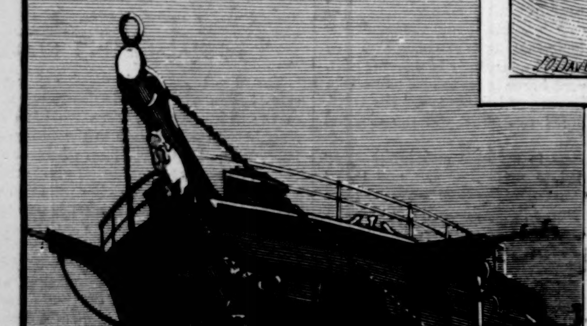
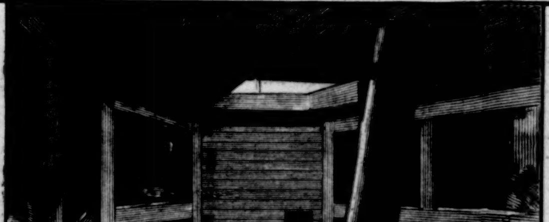
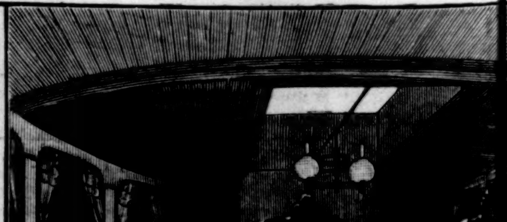
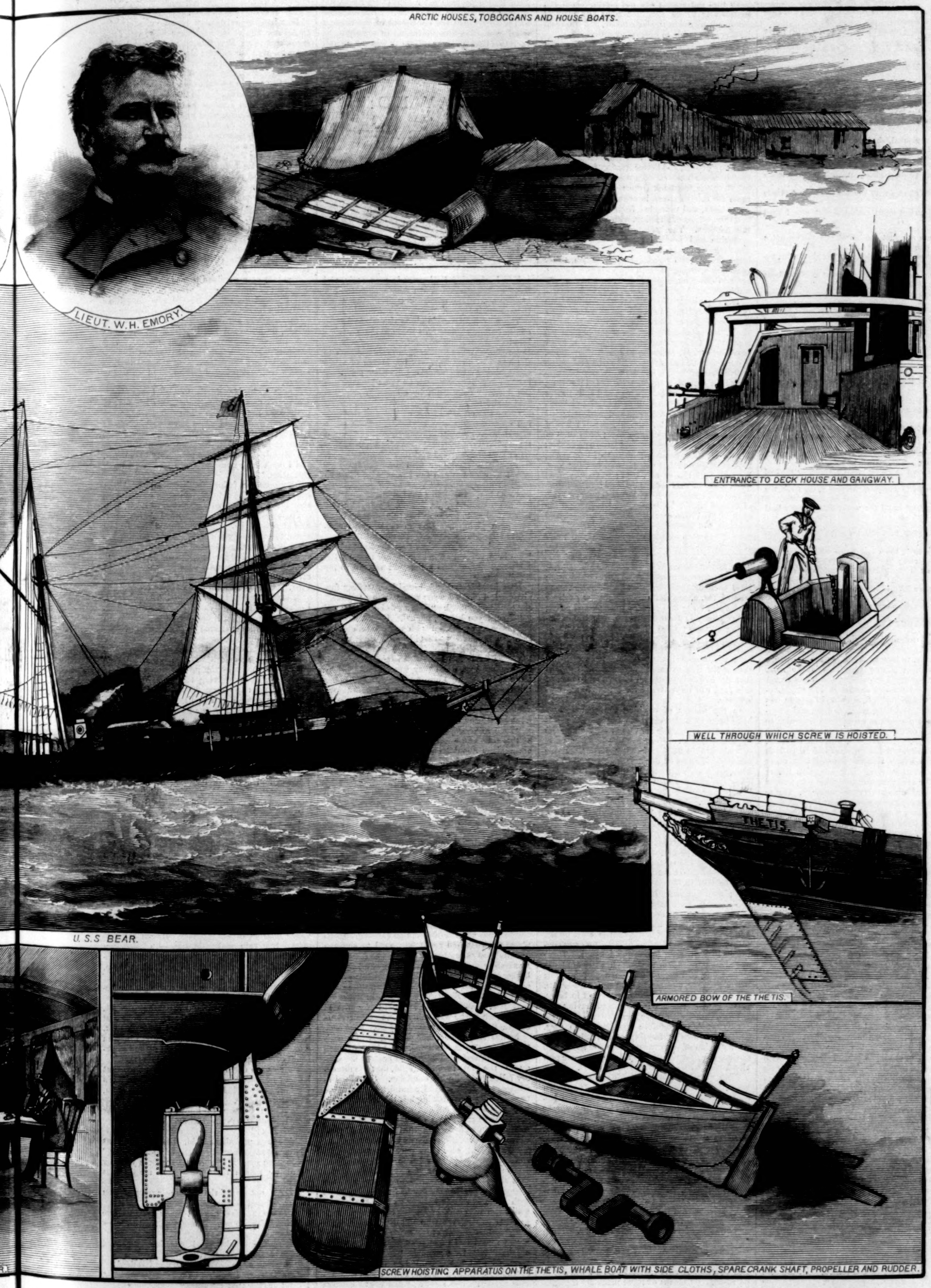
APPARATUS ON THE BEAR FOR LIFTING SCREW OUT OF THE ICE.


ARMORED BOW OF THE BEAR.


A CORNER OF THE MEN'S QUARTERS ON THE BEAR.


IN THE OFFICERS CABIN ON THE BEAR.

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION—THE "BEAR" AND THE "THETIS"



ARCTIC HOUSES, TOBOGGANS AND HOUSE BOATS.

LIEUT. W. H. EMORY.

ENTRANCE TO DECK HOUSE AND GANGWAY.

WELL THROUGH WHICH SCREW IS HOISTED.

U. S. S. BEAR.

ARMORED BOW OF THE THETIS.

SCREW HOISTING APPARATUS ON THE THETIS, WHALE BOAT WITH SIDE CLOTHS, SPARE CRANK SHAFT, PROPELLER AND RUDDER.

S" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 254.]

AWAY FROM HOME.

I've seen the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, I've seen the blue Moselle,
And more "show places" and "fine views" than ever I can tell;
I've been to London, Paris, Ghent, to Berlin, Florence, Rome:
I'd give one thousand dollars down to be once more at home.

"Sublimely grand," and "picturesque," but, sure as I am born,
I'd rather see the level lands waving with Indian corn,
The prairies green and wide where feed innumerable herds,
The vast, unplanted, shady woods, sweet with the song of birds.

I'd rather see the little towns all built of painted pine,
Each cottage in its garden plot, each porch beneath its vine;
And my own church with wooden spire far dearer is to me
Than the grandest stone cathedral that ever I shall see.

Among these splendid foreign streets there's not a soul I know;
At home 'twas "Captain, how do you do?" why, every step or so.
Here no one cares for what I think; at home 'bout crops and state
My ideas were acceptable both to the small and great.

I scarcely ever get a meal that with my taste agrees;
It's "bouillon," "côtelettes," "ragouts," or some queer "fricassées";
I want a beefsteak thick and rare, some home-made bread and cheese,
Some buckwheat cakes and maple juice—or anything I please.

And as for claret or champagne, sauterne or hock, I think
A glass of old sharp cider is just as good to drink.
My dairy cows and orchard plot I would not give, I know,
For all the grapes of Burgundy or vineyards of Bordeaux.

I'm glad I've seen the gray Old World, so rich, so great, so grand;
But I'd not own in all its space a home, or rood of land.
My heart turns to America, the young, the fresh, the free:
There is no land in all the world like my own land to me.

So, wandering feet, turn with my heart, back, back into the West;
There is the little town and home where heart and feet shall rest;
There floats the starry flag above the happy and the free,
And to-morrow I'll go back again, my native land, to thee.

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The third relief party, which proposes to attempt the rescue of Lieutenant A. W. Greely and followers, is now in readiness for departure at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. This is the most powerfully equipped expedition which has as yet been organized for exploration in the arctic regions. Commander W. S. Schley, in charge, has had the wealth of experience, failure, and disaster of the many previous expeditions on which to base a plan of extraordinary preparation. The crushed ships, the unknown, unmarked graves, the frozen dead, and the mourners of all nations are spectres which rise to demand that every emergency shall be met. The inceptive theory held that for arctic exploration ships constructed especially for such service were necessary. Hence the purchase of two vessels built at Dundee, Scotland—the *Bear*, a sealing, and the *Thetis*, a whaling steamer, in addition to the steamer *Alert* presented by England. So nearly alike are these vessels that each approximates 210 feet in length over all, 30 feet in breadth, 19 feet in depth, and a tonnage of 490 tons. A slight dissimilarity in appearance is caused by the *Bear* having her machinery and smoke-stack well forward, and the *Thetis* hers well aft. When these steamers arrived their previous service was instanced in their oily, fishy odors, greasy wood-work, foul holds, and unpainted and begrimed appearance. A swarm of laborers relieved the dreary evidences of rough usage. The Construction Department of the navy formulated plans to thoroughly overhaul the hulls, strengthen the strong parts, and make strong the weak ones. The Engineer Department undertook an examination of every bolt and part of the machinery and running gear. The Ordnance and Storage departments looked after the magazines and stores.

It will be remembered that the *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice like a mere egg-shell. To prevent such a possibility the present vessels received extra hold beams braced diagonally with seventeen sets of braces. These braces run from the hold beams diagonally down to the turned bulge on either side of the vessel. The forward holds have been divided by collision or water-tight bulk-heads. Forward of these, under the berth-decks, are ponderous beams. By the means of eleven sets of hooks and two of pointers, running from the berth-deck beams to the throat-lines and keelsons, the force of the ice received forward is transmitted to the berth-deck beams themselves. The stems and forward dead-woods have an enormous thickness of six and a half feet of timber. The hold and main-deck beams are supported from the top of the keelsons by hold and between-deck stanchions of oak. Thus the force of the ice received on the bottoms is transmitted clear to the decks. Besides this, the bottoms have eight inches of planking, one foot of floor timber, seventeen inches of keelson, and ten inches of keel, making the great total thickness of four feet lacking one inch. The vessels are double-planked with greenheart six feet above and six feet below water. These arrangements are regarded as proof presumptive that there is no possibility of crushing by ice. Yet it will seem that the vessels are not strengthened aft, particularly where the magazines and medical stores are placed in the bulk-heads, and where an ice-floe is as liable to operate as elsewhere.

These vessels have an approximate light draught of ten feet, and a low draught of seventeen feet, allowing five feet free board. Their light displacement is 850 tons, low displacement 1560 tons, and a displacement available for cargo of about 700 tons each.

The living arrangements for officers and crews are an innovation on standard methods. The cabins were torn out. State-rooms were reserved only for captains and ice pilots. There is a single room for the officers on either vessel, surrounded by berths. By this means there is an economy of fuel, and better heating for all. For the crews is a house on each vessel's deck, extending forty-one feet back from the forecastle, with room for thirty seamen in each. The houses are water-tight, and protected from the weather by two thicknesses of sheeting, with a thick layer of felt between. The bulk-heads are divided into magazine and medical storage compartments. The former contain in each 2000 pounds of blasting powder, 1000 pounds of gun-cotton, thirty rifles and sporting pieces, a harpoon gun for walrus and other large game, and necessary ammunition.

The experience of arctic expeditions has been that to the ordinary foods of the sailor is largely due the disease of scurvy, discontent, and melancholy. A remarkable feature of the present expedition is its immense stores of foods of every possible variety, delicacy, and nutritive value. From a volume indexing one hundred and seventy-five tons of food a few samples may be mentioned in pounds: 101,920 of bread in tins; 25,480 of barley, oatmeal, samp, and split pease; 7280 of rice; 3640 each of corn meal and buckwheat; 911 each of vermicelli and macaroni; 450 each of cornstarch, tapioca, and farina; 228 of arrowroot; 600 of baking powder; 3640 each of sugar cakes and French compressed vegetables; 14,560 of fried potatoes; 36,700 of salt pork; 21,480 of bacon; 1840 each of sauces, pig jowl, hoc, etc.; 29,120 of salt beef; 911 of smoked beef; 3640 of beef tongue smoked; 14,520 each of raw and cooked hams and canned beef; 95,000 of canned stuffs; 7280 of canned mutton; 1820 each of fried oysters, raw oysters, mackerel, and salmon; 911 each of sardines and Liebig's extracts; 545 each of cabbage and sour-krout; 457 of Bologna sausage; 1820 of soup stuff; 3640 of half-pickled onions; 600 of sauces; 112 of garlic; 7280 of tomatoes; 1820 of plum-pudding; 1400 of prepared pumpkin; 3600 of mince-meat; 1800 each of apple-butter, raisins, butter, compressed tea, chocolate, nuts, etc.; 5000 each of cheese and lard; 300 each of mustard and spice; 400 of olive oil; 1300 of dried herbs; 100 of flavoring extracts; 4200 of lime juice; 30,000 of pemmican; 1820 gallons of beans; 911 gallons each of green pease, Lima beans, and corn; and hundreds of other items. It is urged as a further excuse for this extraordinary array of eatables that the Esquimaux use no money, and much of this food will be bartered for information, services, etc.

In the matter of clothing the preparations have been as elaborate as in foods. Indeed, it would seem impossible for one to walk under the burdens imposed. There are five hundred pairs of seal-skin boots for sledging parties. These are made of skins of the hair seal, extend to the knee, are lined with wool, and have leather soles. They are also provided with in-soles. The hose is very long and heavy, extending above the knee, of red color. The under-wear is of extra heavy flannel, the wrappers being double and long. There are Jerseys of the heaviest quality. There are hoods of wool with capes, which have but small openings for the face. Accompanying these are wool mittens and wristlets. This is but the beginning of the costume. Next come oogjood-skin jackets to be cut and fitted as needed. There are sou'westers, or oil-skin suits, for damp weather; wool mufflers; heavy-grain leather boots; arctic overshoes reaching to the knee; rubber sandals with bottoms on them like a rubber door mat. In addition is all the regular line of clothing, from a pea-jacket down, that is worn by the sailor. Fifteen hundred rein-deer skins were converted into trousers, jackets, and hoods. There are blanket in-soles of three thicknesses of blanket and one of canvas; foot-nips of felt, made like a stocking, and reaching about to the ankle. All of the clothing is securely packed in bales, covered with enameled cloth, and having the seams covered with white lead.

One trouble heretofore has been with eyes. There are cases of freezing, and of blinding by the reflection of the sun on the ice and snow. To obviate this, goggles of every description are provided, with wire screens and eye shields.

Each vessel is provided with numerous small boats. On the starboard side is a steam iron-clad launch, strongly built. There are two ice-boats, which may be sailed on ice or in water, or drawn by hand or by dogs as sledges. Each ship has four whale-boats, for escape or other purpose. They are fitted with sails and oars, and have stanchions for the weather side to protect the occupants from the water. There are small sledges to be drawn by hand, and larger ones to be drawn by dogs, with which the expedition will be thoroughly provided. The dogs and Esquimaux interpreters will be shipped at Newfoundland.

The engines were thoroughly overhauled. They have 300 horse-power each, a speed of nine knots, and a capacity for ten tons of coal per day. There are powerful steam-pumps and ejectors to relieve the holds in case of leak. The improved distilling apparatus is fitted in such a way that no circulation of water is required, but cold air will act in its place. By means of these machines a plentiful supply of fresh-water will be secured.

The Brooklyn Navy-yard has sent forth and equipped the expeditions of Grinnell (the first American expedition after Franklin), Kane, the *Polaris*, the *Tigress*, and others. None of these had anything like the equipment of the Greely relief expedition number three. It is only to be regretted that Lieutenant Greely was not so well prepared, that he might to-day be quietly resting on the honors won in the arctic regions.

"I SAY NO:"[*]

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHANGE OF AIR.

The inmates of Netherwoods rose early, and went to bed early. When Alban and Mrs. Ellmother arrived at the back door of the house they found it locked.

The only light visible along the whole length of the building glimmered through the Venetian blind of the window entrance to Francine's sitting-room. Alban proposed to get admission to the house by that way. In her horror of again encountering Francine, Mrs. Ellmother positively refused to follow him when he turned away from the door. "They can't be all asleep yet," she said, and rang the bell.

One person was still out of bed, and that person was the mistress of the house. They recognized her voice in the customary question, "Who's there?" The door having been opened, good Miss Ladd looked backward and forward between Alban and Mrs. Ellmother with the bewildered air of a lady who doubted the evidence of her own eyes. The next moment her sense of humor overpowered her. She burst out laughing.

"Close the door, Mr. Morris," she said, "and be so good as to tell me what this means. Have you been giving a lesson in drawing by star-light?"

Mrs. Ellmother moved so that the light of the lamp in Miss Ladd's hand fell on her face. "I'm faint and giddy," she said; "let me get to my bed."

Miss Ladd instantly followed her. "Pray forgive me! I didn't see you were ill when I spoke," she gently explained. "What can I do for you?"

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. I want nothing but peace and quiet. I wish you good-night."

Alban followed Miss Ladd to her study on the front side of the house. He had just mentioned the circumstances under which he and Mrs. Ellmother had met, when they were interrupted by a tap at the door. Francine had got back to her room unperceived, by way of the French window. She now presented herself, with an elaborate apology, and with the nearest approach to a penitent expression of which her face was capable.

"I am ashamed, Miss Ladd, to intrude on you at this time of night. My only excuse is that I am anxious about Mrs. Ellmother. I heard you just now in the hall. If she is really ill, I am the unfortunate cause of it."

"In what way, Miss De Sor?"

"I am sorry to say I frightened her—while we were talking in my room—quite unintentionally. She rushed to the door, and ran out. I supposed she had gone to her bedroom; I had no idea she was in the grounds."

In this false statement there was mingled a grain of truth. It was true that Francine believed Mrs. Ellmother to have taken refuge in her room, for she had examined the room. Finding it empty, and failing to discover the fugitive in other parts of the house, she had become alarmed, and had tried the grounds next, with the formidable result which has been already related. Concealing this circumstance, she had lied in such a skillfully artless manner that Alban (having no suspicion of what had really happened to sharpen his wits) was as completely deceived as Miss Ladd. Proceeding to further explanation—and remembering that she was in Alban's presence—Francine was careful to keep herself within the strict limit of truth. She only lied again in declaring that Mrs. Ellmother had supposed she was in earnest, when she was guilty of no more serious offense than playing a practical joke.

In this case Alban was necessarily in a position to detect the falsehood. But it was so evidently in Francine's interests to present her conduct in the most favorable light, that the discovery failed to excite his suspicion. He waited in silence, while Miss Ladd administered a severe reproof. Francine having left the room as penitently as she had entered it (with her handkerchief over her tearless eyes), he was at liberty, with certain reserves, to return to what had passed between Mrs. Ellmother and himself.

"The fright which the poor old woman has suffered," he said, "has led to one good result. I have found her ready at last to acknowledge that she is ill, and inclined to believe that the change to Netherwoods has had something to do with it. I have advised her to take the course which you suggested by leaving this house. Is it possible to dispense with the usual delay, when she gives notice to leave Miss De Sor's service?"

"She need feel no anxiety, poor soul, on that account," Miss Ladd replied. "In any case, I had arranged that a week's notice on either side should be enough. As it is, I will speak to Francine myself. The least she can do to express her regret is to place no difficulties in Mrs. Ellmother's way."

The next day was Sunday.

Miss Ladd broke through her rule of attending to secular affairs on week-days only, and after consulting with Mrs. Ellmother, arranged with Francine that her servant should be at liberty to leave Netherwoods (health permitting) on the next day. But one difficulty remained. Mrs. Ellmother was in no condition to take the long journey to her birth-place in Cumberland, and her own lodgings in London had been let. Under these circumstances, what was the best arrangement that could be made for her? Miss Ladd wisely and kindly wrote to Emily on the subject, and asked for a speedy reply.

Later in the day Alban was sent for to see Mrs. Ellmother. He found her anxiously waiting to hear what had passed on the previous night between Miss Ladd and himself. "Were you careful, sir, to say nothing about Miss Emily?"

"I was especially careful; I never alluded to her in any way."

"Has Miss De Sor spoken to you?"

"I have not given her the opportunity."

"She's an obstinate one—she might try."

"If she does, she shall hear my opinion of her in plain words."

The talk between them turned next on Alban's discovery of the secret, of which Mrs. Ellmother had believed herself to be the sole depositary since Miss Letitia's death. Without alarming her by any needless allusion to Dr. Allday or to Miss Jethro, he answered her inquiries (so far as he was himself concerned) without reserve. Her curiosity once satisfied, she showed no disposition to pursue the topic. She pointed to Miss Ladd's cat, fast asleep by the side of an empty saucer.

"Is it a sin, Mr. Morris, to wish I was Tom? *He* doesn't trouble himself about his life that is past or his life that is to come. If I could only empty my saucer and go to sleep, I shouldn't be thinking of the number of people in this world, like myself, who would be better out of it than in it. Miss Ladd has got me my liberty to-morrow, and I don't even know where to go when I leave this place."

"Suppose you follow Tom's example?" Alban suggested. "Enjoy to-day (in that comfortable chair), and let to-morrow take care of itself."

To-morrow arrived, and justified Alban's system of philosophy. Emily answered Miss Ladd's letter, to excellent purpose, by telegraph.

"I leave London to-day with Cecilia" (the message announced) "for Monksmoor Park, Hants. Will Mrs. Ellmother take care of the cottage in my absence? I shall be away for a month at least. All is prepared for her if she consents."

Mrs. Ellmother gladly accepted this proposal. In the interval of Emily's absence she could easily arrange to return to her own lodgings. With words of sincere gratitude she took leave of Miss Ladd, but no persuasion would induce her to say good-by to Francine. "Do me one more kindness, ma'am: don't tell Miss De Sor when I go away." Ignorant of the provocation which had produced this unforgiving temper of mind, Miss Ladd gently remonstrated. "Miss De Sor received my reproof in a penitent spirit; she expresses sincere sorrow for having thoughtlessly frightened you. Both yesterday and to-day she has made kind inquiries after your health. Come! come! don't bear malice; wish her good-by." Mrs. Ellmother's answer was characteristic: "I'll say good-by by telegraph when I get to London."

Her last words were addressed to Alban: "If you can find a way of doing it, sir, keep those two apart."

"Do you mean Emily and Miss De Sor?"

"Yes."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know."

"Is that quite reasonable, Mrs. Ellmother?"

"I dare say not. I only know that I *am* afraid."

The pony-chaise took her away. Alban's class was not yet ready for him. He waited on the terrace.

Innocent alike of all knowledge of the serious reason for fear which did really exist, Mrs. Ellmother and Alban felt, nevertheless, the same vague distrust of an intimacy between the two girls. Idle, vain, malicious, false—to know that Francine's character presented these faults, without any discoverable merits to set against them, was surely enough to justify a gloomy view of the prospect, if she succeeded in winning the position of Emily's friend. Alban reasoned it out logically in this way, without satisfying himself, and without accounting for the remembrance that haunted him of Mrs. Ellmother's farewell look. "A commonplace man would say we are both in a morbid state of mind," he thought; "and sometimes commonplace men turn out to be right."

He was too deeply preoccupied to notice that he had advanced perilously near to Francine's window. She suddenly stepped out of her room, and spoke to him.

"Do you happen to know, Mr. Morris, why Mrs. Ellmother has gone away without bidding me good-by?"

"She was probably afraid, Miss De Sor, that you might make her the victim of another joke."

Francine eyed him steadily. "Have you any particular reason for speaking to me in that way?"

"I am not aware that I have answered you rudely—if that is what you mean."

"That is *not* what I mean. You seem to have taken a dislike to me. I should be glad to know why."

"I dislike cruelty—and you have behaved cruelly to Mrs. Ellmother."

"Meaning to be cruel?" Francine inquired.

"You know as well as I do, Miss De Sor, that I can't answer that question."

Francine looked at him again. "Am I to understand that we are enemies?" she asked.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"You are to understand," he replied, "that a person who is employed by Miss Ladd can not always presume to express his sentiments in speaking to the young ladies."

"If that means anything, Mr. Morris, it means that we are enemies."

"It means, Miss De Sor, that I am the drawing master at this school, and that I am called to my class."

Francine returned to her room, relieved of the only doubt that had troubled her. Plainly no suspicion that she had overheard what passed between Mrs. Ellmother and himself existed in Alban's mind. As for the use to be made of her discovery, she felt no difficulty in deciding to wait, and be guided by events. Her curiosity and her self-esteem had been alike gratified: she had got the better of Mrs. Ellmother at last, and with that triumph she was content. While Emily remained her friend, it would be an act of useless cruelty to disclose the terrible truth. There had certainly been a coolness between them at Brighton. But Francine—still influenced by the magnetic attraction which drew her to Emily—did not conceal from herself that she had offered the provocation, and had been, therefore, the person to blame. "I can set all that right," she thought, "when we meet at Monksmoor Park." She opened her desk, and wrote the shortest and sweetest of letters to Cecilia. "I am entirely at the disposal of my charming friend on any convenient day—may I add, my dear, the sooner the better?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THE LADY WANTS YOU, SIR."

The pupils of the drawing class put away their pencils and color boxes in high good-humor: the teacher's vigilant eye for faults had failed him for the first time in their experience. Not one of them had been reproved; they had chattered and giggled and drawn caricatures on the margin of the paper as freely as if the master had left the room. Alban's wandering attention was indeed beyond the reach of control. His interview with Francine had doubled his sense of responsibility toward Emily, while he was farther than ever from seeing how he could interfere to any useful purpose in his present position, and with his reasons for writing under reserve.

One of the servants addressed him as he was leaving the school-room. The landlady's boy was waiting in the hall, with a message from his lodgings.

"Now, then, what is it?" he asked, irritably.

"The lady wants you, sir." With this mysterious answer the boy presented a visiting-card. The name inscribed on it was "Miss Jethro."

She had arrived by the train, and she was then waiting at Alban's lodgings. "Say I will be with her directly." Having given the message, he stood for a while with his hat in his hand literally lost in astonishment. It was simply impossible to guess at Miss Jethro's object, and yet, with the usual perversity of human nature, he was still wondering what she could possibly want with him, up to the final moment when he opened the door of his sitting-room.

She rose and bowed with the same grace of movement and the same well-bred composure of manner which Dr. Allday had noticed when she entered his consulting-room. Her dark, melancholy eyes rested on Alban with a look of gentle interest. A faint flush of color animated for a moment the faded beauty of her face, passed away again, and left it paler than before.

"I can not conceal from myself," she began, "that I am intruding on you under embarrassing circumstances."

"May I ask, Miss Jethro, to what circumstances you allude?"

"You forget, Mr. Morris, that I left Miss Ladd's school in a manner which justified doubt of me in the minds of strangers."

"Speaking as one of those strangers," Alban replied, "I can not feel that I had any right to form an opinion on a matter which only concerned Miss Ladd and yourself."

Miss Jethro bowed gravely. "You encourage me to hope," she said. "I think you will place a favorable construction on my visit when I mention my motive. I ask you to receive me in the interests of Miss Emily Brown."

Stating her purpose in calling on him in those plain terms, she added to the amazement which Alban already felt, by handing to him—as if she was presenting an introduction—a letter marked "Private," addressed to her by Dr. Allday.

"I may tell you," she explained, "that I had no idea of troubling you until Dr. Allday suggested it. I wrote to him in the first instance, and there is his reply. Pray read it."

The letter was dated "Penzance"; and the doctor wrote, as he spoke, without ceremony:

"Madam,—Your letter has been forwarded to me. I am spending my autumn holiday in the far west of Cornwall. However, if I had been at home it would have made no difference. I should have begged leave to decline holding any further conversation with you on the subject of Miss Emily Brown for the following reasons:

"In the first place, though I can not doubt your sincere interest in the young lady's welfare, I don't like your mysterious way of showing it. In the second place, when I called at your address in London after you had left my house, I found that you had taken to flight."

Arrived at that point, Alban offered to return the letter. "Do you really mean me to go on reading it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "If you go on—and if you hear what I have to say afterward—you can decide for yourself whether you will trust me or not."

Alban returned to the letter.

"In the third place, I have good reason to believe that you entered Miss Ladd's school as a teacher under false pretenses. After that discovery I tell you plainly I hesitate to attach credit to any statement that you may wish to make. At the same time I must not permit my prejudices (as you will probably call them) to stand in the way of Miss Emily's interests, supposing them to be really depending on any interference of yours. Miss Ladd's drawing master, Mr. Alban Morris, knows all that I know of Miss Emily's affairs, and is even more devoted to her service than I am. Whatever you might have said to me, you can say to him—with this possible advantage, that *he* may believe you."

There the letter ended. Alban handed it back in silence.

Miss Jethro pointed to the words, "Mr. Alban Morris knows all that I know of Miss Emily's affairs."

"Is that true?" she asked.

"Quite true."

"I don't complain, Mr. Morris, of the hard things said of me in that letter; you are at liberty to suppose, if you like, that I deserve them. There are explanations that I might offer, there are excuses that I might honestly make, which would perhaps satisfy you that Dr. Allday has misjudged my actions through ignorance of my motives. Attribute it to pride, or attribute it to reluctance to make needless demands on your time, I shall not attempt to defend myself. I leave you to decide whether the woman who has shown you that letter—having something important to say to you—is a person who is mean enough to say it under false pretenses."

"Explain yourself freely, Miss Jethro; and be assured, beforehand, that I don't doubt your sincerity."

"My purpose in coming here," she answered, "is to induce you to use your influence over Miss Emily Brown—"

"With what object?" Alban asked, interrupting her.

"My object is her own good. Some years since I happened to become acquainted with a person who has attained some celebrity as a preacher. You have perhaps heard of Mr. Miles Mirabel?"

"I have heard of him."

"After a long interval I have seen him again," Miss Jethro proceeded. "He tells me he has been introduced to a young lady who was formerly one of Miss Ladd's pupils, and who is the daughter of Mr. Wyvil, of Monksmoor Park. He has called on Mr. Wyvil; and he has since received an invitation to stay at Mr. Wyvil's house. The day fixed for the visit is Monday, the fifth of next month."

Alban listened, at a loss to know what interest he was supposed to have in being made acquainted with Mr. Mirabel's engagements. Miss Jethro's next words enlightened him.

"You are perhaps aware," she resumed, "that Miss Emily Brown is Miss Wyvil's intimate friend. She will be one of the guests at Monksmoor Park. If there are any obstacles which you can place in her way—if there is any influence which you can exert, without exciting suspicion of your motive—prevent her, I entreat you, from accepting Miss Wyvil's invitation until Mr. Mirabel's visit has come to an end."

"Why am I to interfere, Miss Jethro?"

"I dare not tell you why."

Alban remonstrated. "You can hardly expect me to be satisfied," he said, "with such an answer as that. Is there anything against Mr. Mirabel?"

"I say nothing against him."

"Is Miss Emily acquainted with him?"

"No."

"Is he a person with whom it would be disagreeable to her to associate?"

"Quite the contrary."

"And yet you expect me to prevent them from meeting. Be reasonable, Miss Jethro."

"I can only be in earnest, Mr. Morris—more truly, more deeply in earnest than you can suppose. I declare to you that I am speaking in Miss Emily's dearest interests. Do you still refuse to exert yourself for her sake?"

"I am spared the pain of refusal," Alban answered. "The time for interference has gone by. She is at this moment on her way to Monksmoor Park."

Miss Jethro attempted to rise, and dropped back into her chair. "Water," she said, faintly. After drinking from the glass to the last drop, she began to revive. Her little travelling bag was on the floor at her side. She took out a railway guide, and tried to consult it. Her fingers trembled incessantly; she was unable to find the page to which she wished to refer. "Help me," she said. "I must go back to Hampshire by the first train that passes."

"To see Emily?" Alban asked.

"Quite useless. You have said it yourself—the time for interference has gone by. Look at the guide."

"What place shall I look for?"

"Look for Vale Regis."

Alban found the name. The train was due in ten minutes. "Surely you are not fit to travel so soon?" he suggested.

"Fit or not, I must see Mr. Mirabel. I must make the effort to keep them apart by appealing to *him*."

"With any hope of success?"

"With no hope, and with no interest in the man himself. Still I must try."

"Out of anxiety for Emily's welfare?"

"Out of anxiety to make atonement."

"To Emily?"

"To the memory of Emily's father."

This strange reply startled Alban. Before he could ask what it meant, Miss Jethro had left him.

In the emergencies of life a person readier of resource than Alban Morris it would not have been easy to discover. The extraordinary interview that had now come to an end had found his limits. Bewildered and helpless, he stood at the window of his room, and asked himself (as if he had been the weakest man living), "What shall I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

About a year ago Mr. Adam Forepaugh, of Philadelphia, well known as an enterprising showman, determined to import a sacred white elephant, and sent word to his London agent to procure him one at any price. Through the assistance of Mr. William Cross, the naturalist, of Liverpool, an agent was dispatched to Siam to conclude, if possible, the purchase of one of these interesting animals. The agent met with many discouragements, and was about giving up his mission, when a Chinese opium dealer offered his assistance, and by some means, which have been kept a secret, procured a young elephant called Riman-Mankau, or "Tiger-Eater," which was quietly shipped to Marseilles.

It is well known that the so-called white elephants are not actually white, but usually of a reddish-brown tint, sometimes approaching cream-color on some parts of the body. All elephants lighter in color than the ordinary are complimented with the term white. Mr. Forepaugh's new acquisition, whose name has been changed to The Light of Asia, is of a lighter shade than usual even among white elephants.

From Marseilles the elephant was shipped to Liverpool, and thence, by the *City of Chester*, to this city. The trip was long and rough; but the passengers predicted that nothing direful could happen to a ship that carried a sacred elephant. Ladies used frequently to send him fruits and cakes; and although his ordinary fare consisted chiefly of boiled potatoes, heads of cabbage, and bread, The Light of Asia came in for his full share of all the delicacies on board. He was thrown violently one day against the door of his stall by a sudden lurch of the ship, and as his weight was too much for the door, he rolled out upon deck, where his keeper found him sprawling and grunting very much like a seasick passenger. He soon convinced his keeper, however, that he was not seriously hurt by first getting upon his feet and walking around the deck, and next by breaking into a box of oranges and devouring all the fruit.

On arriving at New York, The Light of Asia was visited by throngs of interested people, who were surprised to find him of a uniform light tint, instead of being spotted. He is not more than six years old, and a little more than five feet in height. His tusks are just beginning to show. From New York he was taken to Philadelphia, where he is at present on exhibition.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A writer in Paris sends warning to those in America who have read that it is possible to live in the French capital on a franc a day. The day has gone by, he says, when life can be maintained there for that sum. Every international exhibition has sent prices up a notch, and once up, they never come down. One of the last refuges left to the person of small means who wishes to live fairly well, he says, is that style of eating-house known as the "Duval Bouillon," where a dinner and a half-bottle of wine are served for forty cents. What is true of Paris eating-houses is true of those in New York, except that there have been no world's fairs here of late to serve as pretexts for putting up prices. But prices have gone up, all the same, and have never come down. A far more serious matter, however, is the gradual advance in the prices of all meats at retail, which will, within a brief period, unless it is checked, put meat wholly beyond the reach of half a million of persons in New York who are dependent on laboring-men.

In connection with the libel suit against Edmund Yates, which has resulted in his sentence to four months' imprisonment, a correspondent writes from London: "The most curious fact developed in the case was that there were a number of titled ladies who were ready to supply these scandalous items at two guineas the paragraph, and professional writers call out that they are ruined by aristocratic cheap labor."

A person who interviewed an alleged Presidential candidate in the West prefaces his report with the observation, "The conversation was characterized by brevity." It seems that at the beginning of his first question he was interrupted by the alleged candidate, who put on "an engaging smile" and "cordially opened the door to permit his visitor to depart."

The question whether a man who had taken part in a strike of working-men was thereby disqualified for holding a place of some conspicuousness in the Methodist Episcopal Church was raised a few days ago in a conference at Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was presented as a candidate for deacon's orders, but objection to him was made on the ground that some years previously, when not a church member, he was connected with the strikes in Wilkesbarre. Protracted discussion ensued; but a decision upon the direct issue was avoided by the withdrawal of the candidate's name at the request of the presiding elder.

There is a project to obtain the steam-ship *Great Eastern* as one of the curiosities of the forth-coming world's fair in New Orleans. It is proposed to make the great craft useful as well as a curiosity by loading her with foreign exhibits at Liverpool, using her as a hotel during the exhibition, and giving her some sort of cargo when she returns. As an example of what has been accomplished in ship-building the *City of Rome* is far beyond the *Great Eastern*, though perhaps the latter vessel would attract the greater number of visitors.

The chewing-gum industry of Maine has at last begun to attract the attention of statisticians, and figures are taking the place of surmises, though in a meagre and unsatisfactory way. The residents of Augusta wear out two thousand dollars' worth each year. Prime spruce gum costs the druggists, who are the principal retailers, about a dollar a pound. Young trees produce the most durable and best-flavored gum. That taken from the old trees is dark-colored, strong in taste, and soon crumbles. Gum-gathering in the wilderness is profitable employment.

Attended by a Roman Catholic priest in his last moments, a once powerful Sioux chief, Crow King, died suddenly in the Romish faith at the Standing Rock Agency. With civilization came consumption. The circumstances of Crow King's death serve as one of those frequent reminders of the indefatigable zeal of the Romish Church in the West from the day of its first effort up to the present.

The wild violet, pure and simple, has supplanted the double or English violet in the esteem of fashionable people, says a florist.

Advices from Calcutta report that the prospects of the indigo crop are exceedingly blue.

Observation by a brilliant and noted ward politician of this town: "It is a good adage in politics never to do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

The Treasury Department has ruled that a passenger from Europe may land his bicycle free of duty. Heretofore bicycles have been considered as carriages. The new ruling puts them in the same category as the passenger's crutches or his wooden leg.

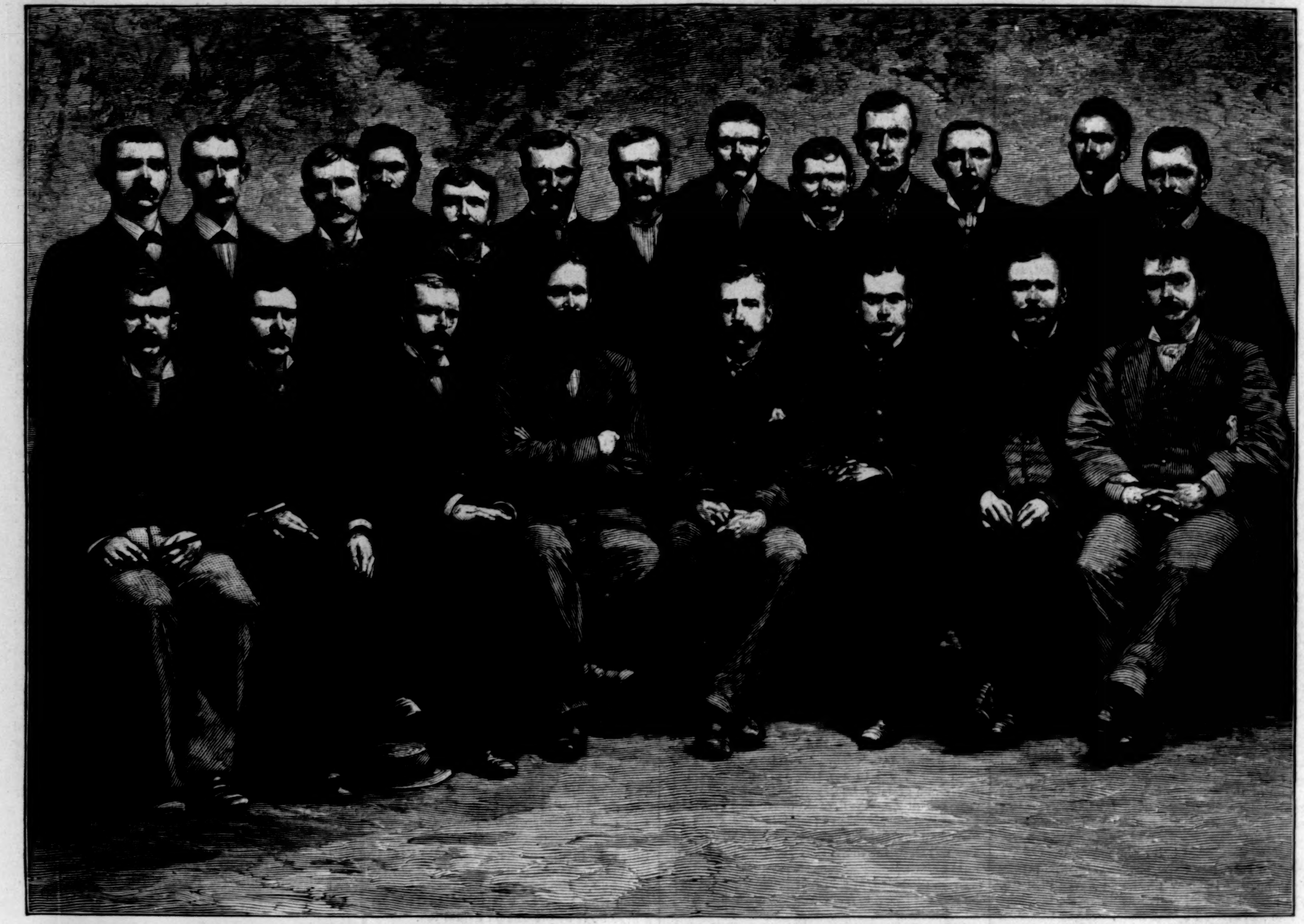
A tramp who averred that he was a count, and that he had fought under Napoleon, asked for assistance in New Jersey the other day. As he had no barrel-organ, his nobility was questioned by the police, and he was sent to jail for thirty days as a vagrant.

Notwithstanding her great success in London, Miss Anderson is perhaps the only actress playing in that city who has been mistaken for a dummy while personating one of her principal characters. The question arose between two patrons of the Lyceum as to whether the statue of Galatea when discovered was Miss Anderson or an inanimate figure, and they made a wager of $125 a side. They were authoritatively assured that it was the actress, and not a creation of the stage-properties man.

The British Foreign Office has been instructed to obtain from the United States information as to the importation into England of bogus and adulterated butter and cheese. England will be less tolerant of these frauds than the people of this country have been, and if the Foreign Office does its work thoroughly, enough will be revealed to destroy for a time the foreign market for American butter.

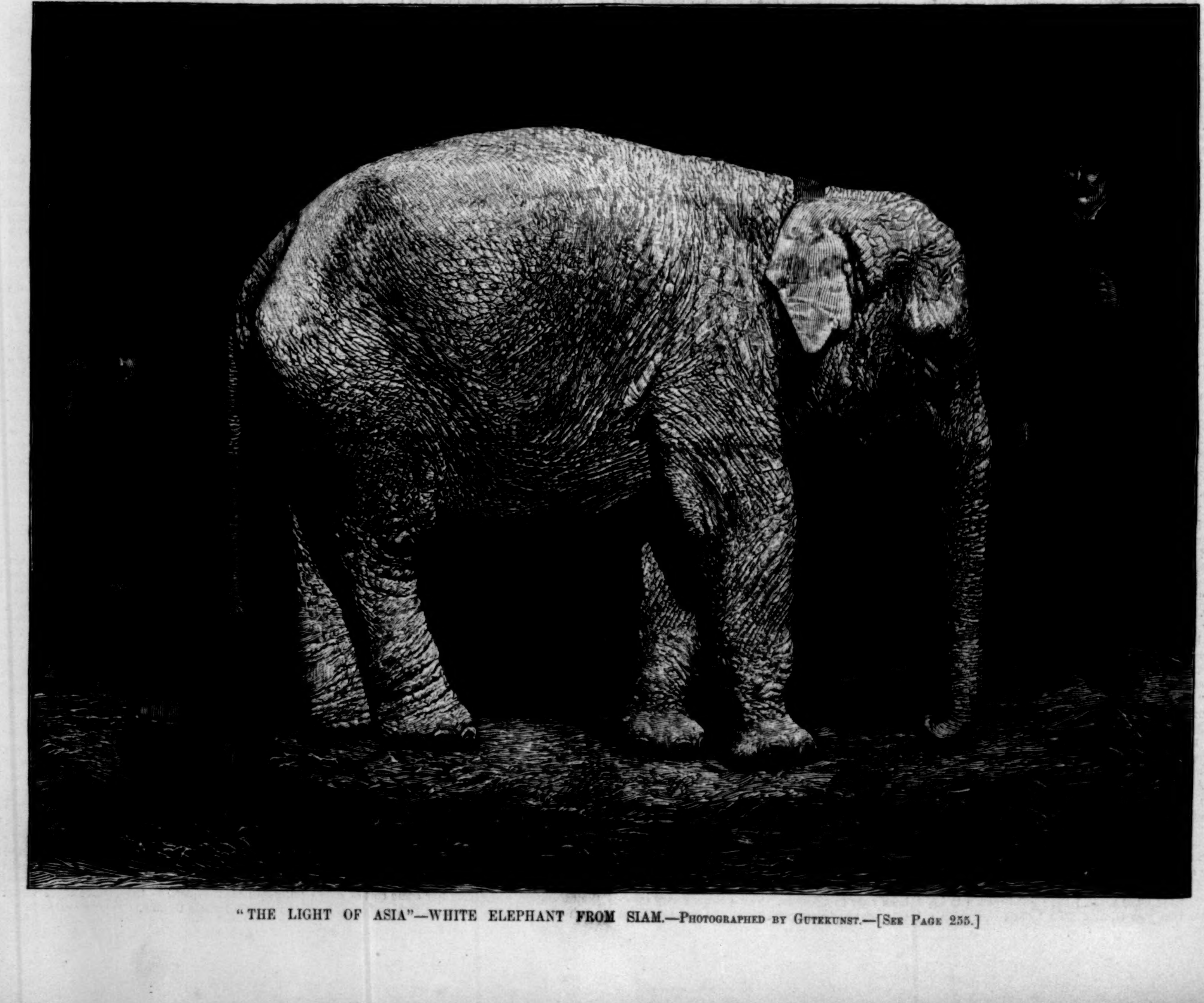
This year's 'Varsity race was won easily by the Cambridge men. It was their turn to win, and they crossed the line between two and three lengths ahead. Until a week before the race the betting ran in Oxford's favor. The Oxonians pulled with a new style of oar, the blade of which was broad at the shoulder and narrow at the tip. The advantage claimed for this wedge-shaped contrivance was that it would catch the water along the entire length of the blade the moment it was dipped, and that the finish of the stroke would also be neater than with oars of the ordinary pattern. Perhaps there would be something in this claim if the rowing was to be done on entirely smooth water, and it was impossible for the shell to rock in the least. But in "choppy" water like that on which this year's race was pulled it is hardly worth while to try to obviate the loss of power which results from the oar tip entering the water earlier and leaving it later than the upper part of the blade. Having been postponed on account of the funeral of Prince Leopold, the race came on a very disagreeable day. The number of spectators was small, and there was little enthusiasm.

It seems that New Orleans not long ago narrowly escaped a riot arising from a cause similar to that of the Cincinnati trouble. If the South has learned to manage such things better than they are managed in some parts of the North, the South is to be congratulated. Several murderers whose guilt was beyond question have been acquitted of late in New Orleans. Only two persons have been convicted of murder there in six months, and they were moneyless and friendless negroes. On a Monday a man named McCrystal killed another man. On Tuesday McCrystal was taken from prison to testify in defense of a murderer whose crime had been committed two months previously. On the strength of his testimony the murderer was acquitted the next day. In the evening a call was posted on the Court-house door for the residents to assemble in Lafayette Square, and go thence to the prison and hang the murderers confined there. The placard was discovered by reporters, who took it to the police. In view of the condition of the public mind, it was deemed by the newspapers unsafe to make any mention of the call. It is believed that if a nucleus of a meeting had been formed in the square there would have been serious trouble.

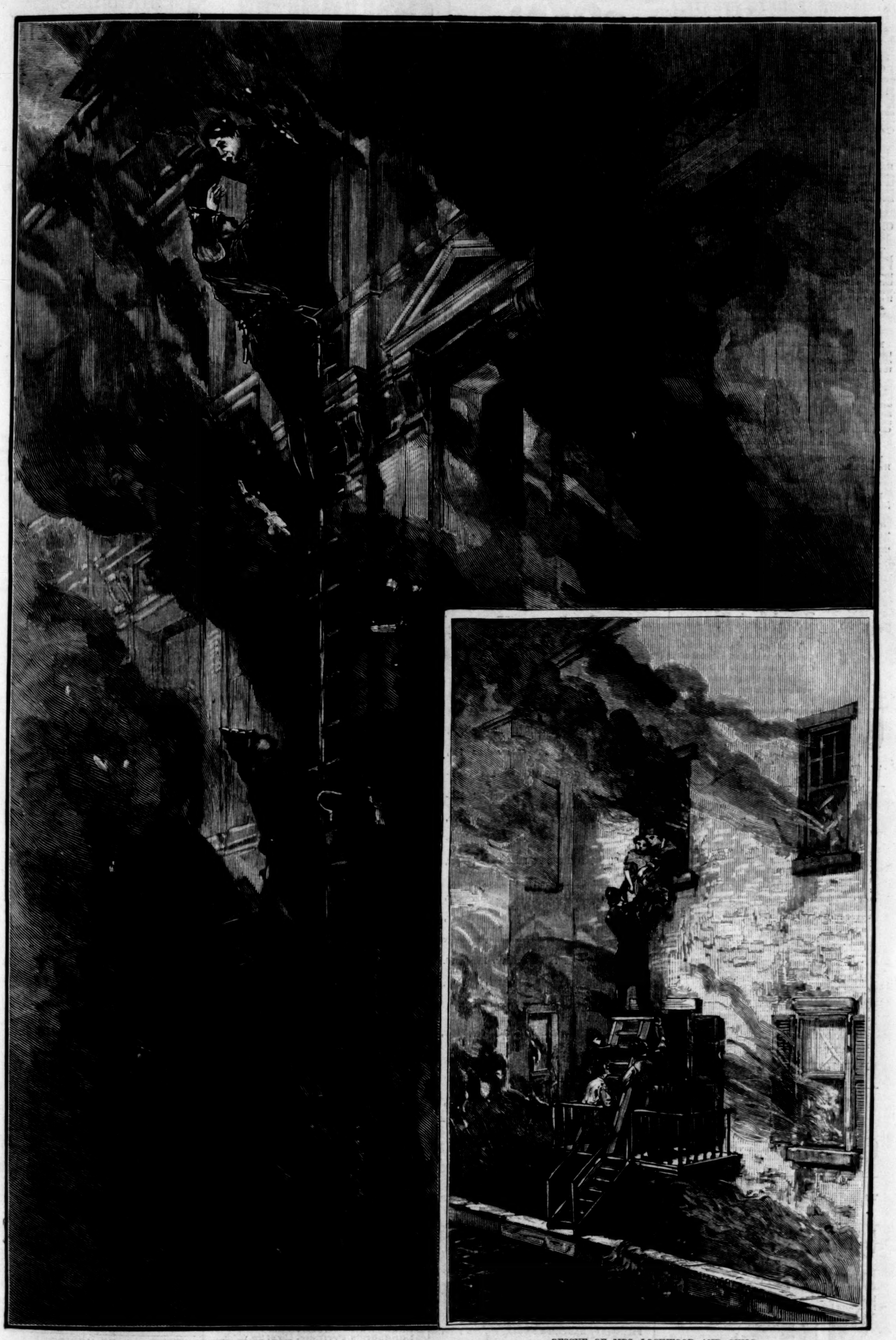


Paul Grimm. W. H. Cross. J. Fredericks. David Lynn. James Ryan. Chas. B. Henry. D. C. Starr. Nicholas Salor. H. S. Gardiner. W. A. Ellis.
Daniel L. Brainard. 2d Lieut. F. F. Keslingbury. 1st Lieut. A. W. Greely. 2d Lieut. J. B. Lockwood. E. Israil, Signal Corps. W. S. Jewell, Signal Corps. G. W. Rice, Photographer.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND HIS PARTY.—Photographed by G. W. Rice.—[See Page 254.]



"THE LIGHT OF ASIA"—WHITE ELEPHANT FROM SIAM.—Photographed by Gutekunst.—[See Page 255.]



RESCUE OF THE HALL BOY.

RESCUE OF MRS. LOCKWOOD AND CHILD.

THE BURNING OF THE "ST. GEORGE" FLATS.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 251.]

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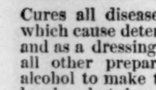

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

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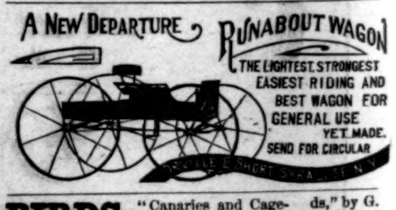

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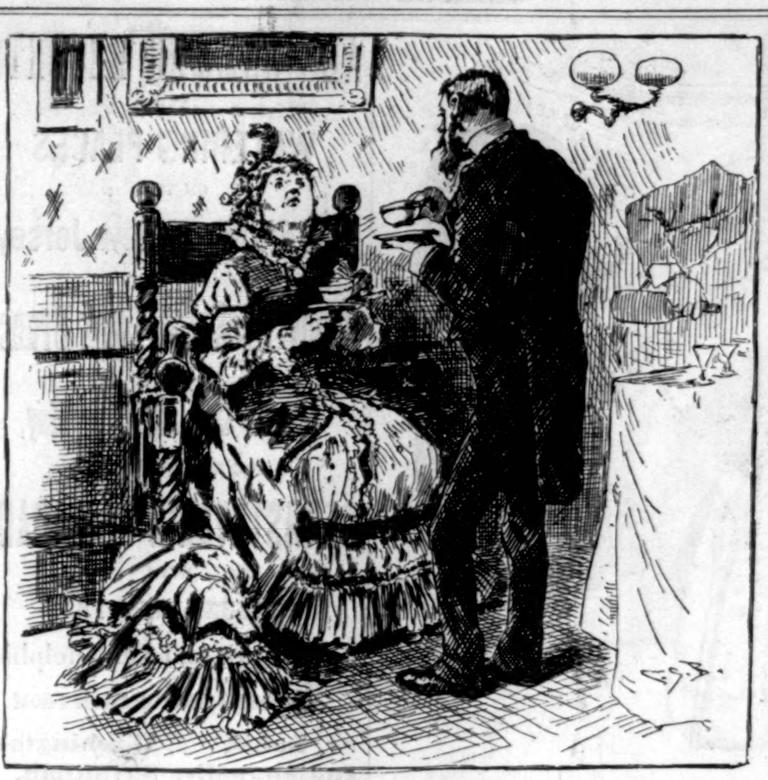

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